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Cottage



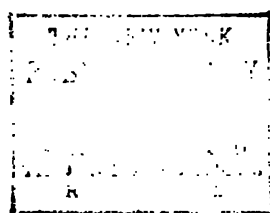




1850  
Cott. 1850









Wanderer ! by the path-way side,  
Poor and ragged—weak and old,  
Why art thou so ill supplied ?  
Wanderer ! pity makes me bold.



1120

THE

**COTTAGE MINSTREL;**

OR,

**VERSES**

*ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.*



BY A FEMALE OF THIS CITY.

Affectionately addressed to the youthful part of her own sex.



●

"The labouring bee, by God instructed, knows  
"Where opening flowers their balmy sweets disclose."  
So, my young readers, if some flowers you find,  
Enjoy their sweets, but cast the weeds behind.



PHILADELPHIA :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORESS,  
By Joseph Rakestraw.

1827.

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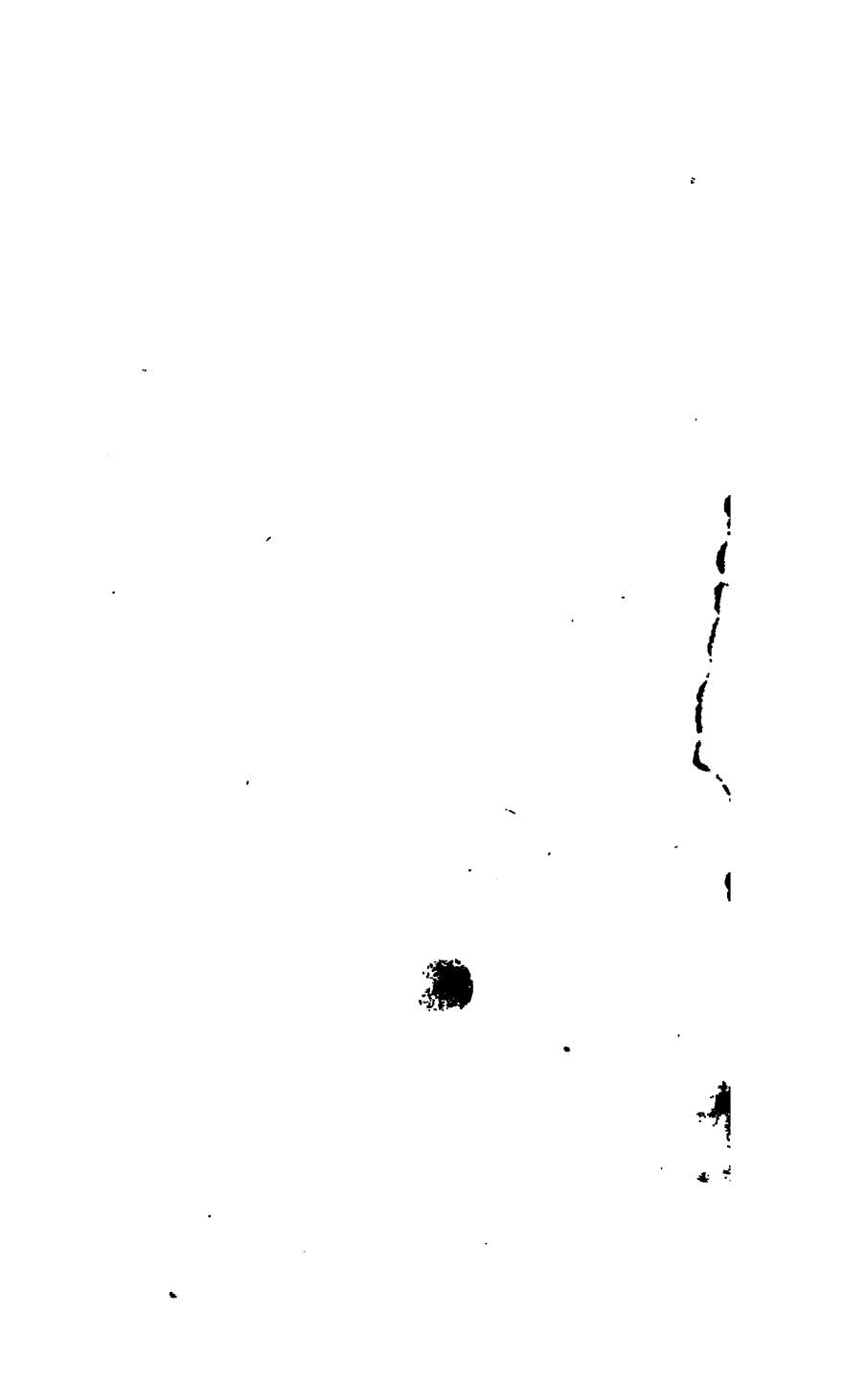
## PREFACE.



IN offering this little volume to the public, the Authoress does not flatter herself with the hope of applause. The pieces which compose it were not originally intended for publication, excepting a few of them, which she thought calculated to amuse the youthful part of her own sex; but were chiefly written for her own gratification, or to amuse her beloved parents and friends. Of late, however, having been driven by the gales of *adversity* upon the cold and barren coast of *poverty*; and being unable from ill health to work her way to a more genial clime, she has been induced, by a desire to help herself, to expose her little work, with all its imperfections, to the public eye; with a hope that her youthful readers will find at least some little amusement; and that its faults will be overlooked, when it is considered to be the production of a Cottage Minstrel; whose education has been limited, and whose pieces were chiefly written at an early period of life; and without premeditation.

THE AUTHORESS.

July 5th, 1827.



THE  
**COTTAGE MINSTREL.**

---

**THE COTTAGE GIRL.**

Rear'd in the lap of rural ease,  
Beneath affection's wing,  
I view'd the objects form'd to please,  
And early learn'd to sing.

Yet were my songs, like nature, wild,  
And unadorn'd by art ;  
But, they my infant cares beguil'd,  
And sooth'd my youthful heart.

At length, with blast severe and cold,  
Misfortune's gales did blow,  
And on the willow-branch, behold !  
My harp suspended low.

But, while the willow bent, to kiss  
The limpid stream that flows,  
Again I seiz'd my harp, in bliss,  
And sung of all my woes.

While hearts, untouch'd by sorrow's sting,  
May scorn my harp and me ;  
But, 'tis not to such hearts I sing,  
But, FRIENDSHIP, 'tis to thee.



## HAGER AND ISHMAEL.

O'er the desert, drear and wild,  
Wandering with her famish'd child;  
Mark the poor Egyptian roam,  
Out-cast from her friends and home.

A thousand frightful fears present,  
Her bread is gone, her water spent,  
And a parch'd desert lies before,  
And blasts the hope of finding more.

Beneath a shrub her boy she cast,  
All parch'd beneath the sultry blast,  
And with a bursting heart, retir'd  
To see not, when her child expired :

When a sweet voice of love,  
Descended from above,  
And tho' around she none could see,  
"Hager," it said, "what aileth thee?"  
Thy boy shall yet be blest,  
An hand, unseen, is nigh;  
An ear, unseen, hath listened to thy cry.

When, lo! she cast her eyes around,  
And saw a spring of water, sweet,  
Bubbling from out the sun-parch'd ground,  
And rising on her weary feet,  
She fill'd her cruise, and gave her boy,  
And then pursued her course with joy.

*On the death of P\*\*\*\*\* C\*\*\*\*\*.*

How blest are the dead, who in Jesus reposing,  
Have found a sweet rest from their labour and care,  
While their virtues a brightness around them disclosing,  
Or rising like incense to follow them there.

How sweet and how tranquil the smile of our sister,  
Whose spirit is free'd from its bondage of clay!  
And tho' her companion in trial hath miss'd her,  
Yet soon shall he meet her in brighter array.

O! be this thy solace, thou lonely sojourner,  
The land of sweet promise already is nigh;  
And He who hath promised relief to the mourner,  
Will sooth all thy sorrows and calm every sigh.

O! may He be with thee in every probation,  
And bear up thy head midst the billows that roll!  
Through the waters of Jordan be thy consolation,  
And receive into glory immortal, thy soul.



ON VISITING THE HOSPITAL.

Ah! house of woe! as thy long isles I tread,  
Where melancholy reigns, with downcast eye,  
Or wild distraction raves! by turns I hear  
The sigh of deep despair, or the keen shriek  
Of wild insanity; which soars by turns  
Up to the pinnacle of fancied greatness.

See yon poor wretch, who walks with hasty step!  
 Then stops and stares, with eagerness, around!—  
 Then casts his eye to heaven, and mutters o'er  
 A long harangue :—Tell me, ill-fated wretch,  
 What brought thee here? Was it a mistress' scorn?  
 Or friendship unreturned? Or what is worse,  
 Was it a guilty conscience brake thy peace,  
 And brought thee to this rendezvous of care?

read

These beauteous gardens, rich with every plant  
 That nature can produce—and opening flowers,  
 In gay profusion, are by thee unseen,  
 Or seen unheeded. Thou hast lost thy guide—  
 Reason has fled, and left a gloomy blank,  
 Without one cheery ray to light thy soul.

Infinite Power! who Reason gave to man,  
 O! still continue mine! that to thy praise,  
 I may henceforth, with gratitude of heart,  
 Still humbly dedicate what thou hast lent.



### A DREAM.

As I lately reclined on my pillow at night,  
 A vision of beauty appear'd to my sight;  
 The fields of Elysium before me I view'd,  
 Where a group of sweet children their pleasures pur-  
       sued.

'Twas a group without number—all sizes were seen,  
 All blest, and all equal, upon the gay green :  
 I beheld no distinction—the bond and the free  
 Were all equal and happy—as happy could be.

When lo ! a fine lady appear'd to my sight,  
 Advancing toward the fair group with delight !  
 She had just cross'd the stream that divides heav'n  
 and earth,  
 But had not left behind her the pride of her birth.

With contempt she beheld the fair group thus united ;  
 And it seem'd, from her looks, that her hopes were all  
 blighted :

With a sneer, she exclaim'd, it was never my rule,  
 To admit of a bond-child with others at school.

And here is our Tom, and my neighbour's black Meg ;  
 Pray make some distinction, good Angels, I beg !  
 I prefer earth to this place, if all must be equal—  
 It is past all endurance !—when lo, in the sequel,  
 As her ladyship stept toward earth, with a frown,  
 The weight of her pride made her sink lower down.



#### LINES WRITTEN JUNE 1827.

Ah, me ! I thought my sum of human woes  
 Could ne'er another pang more bitter know ;  
 But the sad stroke that rends my heart's repose,  
 Has plung'd me in the depth of keenest woe.

And am I still reserved for deeper woe ?  
 Forbid the thought, thou all-controlling Power !  
 What keener pang can this poor bosom know,  
 Than that which rends it in this trying hour

Ah ! dear associate of my early youth,  
 Whom still I lov'd with faithfulness and truth ;  
 'Mid all the varied storms that ere there blew,  
 For thee my friendship no abatement knew :  
 My love increas'd as I beheld thee roam,  
 Without a friend, and e'en without a home.

Oh ! I have wish'd I had the power to save—  
 To call thee back from an untimely grave !  
 Ah ! every word severe I'd now recall ;  
 Oh ! with what joy I now would cancel all.  
 Convinc'd that all severity were vain—  
 That love and mercy only knows to gain.

Then, to a God of mercy I resign  
 One dearly lov'd, but now no longer mine.  
 His every frailty in oblivion rest ;  
 He err'd from weakness, and a mind oppress'd.

Let none presume to limit love divine,  
 Whose gracious attributes so sweetly shine ;—  
 A Saviour's dying breath had power to rise  
 A thief, to reign with in Paradise.  
 And were it not for mercy, rich and free,  
 Saviour of sinners, who would reign with thee !

## THE WANDERING SHEEP.

Two wandering Sheep, who long had fed  
 Upon the green hill side ;  
 Or, when the flock by thirst were led,  
 A rill their wants supplied.

And oft, all white, at early dawn,  
 The peaceful flock were seen,  
 Recumbent on the flowery lawn,  
 Or scattering o'er the green.

Till on a night, remember'd long,  
 By the poor harmless sheep,  
 A cruel tempest, loud and strong,  
 Their fold away did sweep.

And some were scatter'd o'er the wild ;  
 The wolves did some assail ;  
 And all their happiness was spoil'd,  
 By this relentless gale.

Two feeble ones, but newly shorn,  
 Escap'd this night of ills ;  
 Their friends, their home they deeply mourn,  
 Loud bleating o'er the hills.

At length, to cheer the mourners' sight,  
 A distant plain appear'd ;  
 Where a large flock, all snowy white,  
 With plenteous pasture cheer'd :

Thither the lonely mourners hied,  
 Oft bleating out their woe ;  
 Or, pinch'd by hunger, turn'd aside  
 To crop the herbs that grow.

But, when they reach'd the spacious plain,  
 Where they had hopes to feed,  
 Full many a butt increas'd their pain,  
 And many a bitter weed.

'Tis true, some sympathy they found,  
 Among a scattering few ;—  
 Of wool they offered every pound  
 That on their bodies grew :

For which they only ask'd to graze  
 Among their kindred kind ;  
 But they were look'd upon as strays,  
 Whose fleece no sale could find.

While thus they wander'd, far and near,  
 Thro' many a lane remote,  
 In search of food, their hearts to cheer,  
 They meet a female goat :

She bleated in the kindest tone  
 That e'er their ears assail'd,  
 Since they had wandered thus alone,  
 Since all their hopes had fail'd :

And gently pointing to a road,  
 Near which a grass-field lay,  
 Where they might find a safe abode ;—  
 She kindly led the way.

## A SONNET.

Oh! ye dear spirits, now from changes free,  
 Could you but cast one pitying glance at me!  
 Forlorn and friendless, see your daughter roam,  
 Scorn'd by unfeeling hearts, without a home.  
 And thou Eternal One, whose piercing eye,  
 Sees all my griefs, and numbers every sigh:  
 Say, wilt Thou ne'er redress the wrongs I feel?  
 Say, wilt Thou ne'er arise my wounds to heal?  
 Shall those who would afflict without a cause,  
 And break a broken reed, against thy laws;—  
 Shall such triumphant in thy courts appear?  
 Exulting in the wounds I'm doom'd to bear?  
 Forbid it, righteous One—thy justice prove,  
 And teach the cold relentless heart to love.

*Second mo. 1827.*



*On the death of M\*\*\*\*\* L\*\*\*\*\*.*

No longer with anguish oppress'd,  
 The soul from its prison has fled;  
 The beautiful clay is at rest,  
 And quietly sleeps with the dead.

From future temptations remov'd,  
 And snares that bewitchingly blind;  
 She's gone to the Saviour she lov'd,  
 And has left a sweet fragrance behind.



The throb of her bosom has ceas'd—  
 The conflict of nature is o'er—  
 From pain, and from sorrow releas'd;  
 Affliction shall grieve her no more.

As a rose, just expanding to view,  
 She's cut off, and laid low in the tomb;  
 Sweet flower! it's transplanted anew,  
 In the garden of Eden to bloom.

Ah! why for our friends do we mourn?  
 Tho' nature we're prompt to obey;  
 Let us seek resignation to learn,  
 We may yet be as happy as they.

The road, tho' some thorns may infest,  
 And trials our pleasures impede;  
 Let us trace to the mansions of rest,  
 The path that doth thitherward lead.

What transports the soul shall delight,  
 When arriv'd at the realms of the bless'd  
 Our friends shall come forth to invite  
 Us, into the mansions of rest.



## HOW SWEET IS EASE FROM PAIN

How sweet is ease from pain!  
 Freely to breathe the air;  
 How grateful is my heart!  
 What charms do nature wear!



Creation looks as new,  
 As if 'twere just begun;  
 And yet my journey here,  
 Perhaps, is nearly run.

• This sweet, this kind relief,  
 Makes up for hours of pain;—  
 Oh! may I thankful be,  
 Though it return again.

This tempest-beaten frame,  
 Must soon or late give way:—  
 May its poor tenant find  
 A home in brighter day!

Giver of all that's good!  
 Accept my thanks sincere!  
 For this short pause from pain—  
 This little respite dear.

It gives me time to breathe,  
 And feel how good thou art:  
 O! grant the favour still,  
 And take my willing heart.



### JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

As Jephthah hasten'd from the plain,  
 Where lay the sons of Ammon slain;  
 From fields of gore,  
 The spoil he bore,

And sought his distant home again  
 While shouts victorious rent the air !  
 But ere he reach'd his native seat,—  
 Amid the troops that came to greet,  
 With timbrel glad, and nimble feet,  
 Came first his lovely daughter fair.

She was a dear and only child,  
 And light of heart, she gaily smil'd—  
 And oft his pensive hours beguil'd.  
 Now struck with horror and dismay,  
 His martial robes he rent in twain ;  
 Alas ! the triumphs of that day,  
 Now gave a father's bosom pain.

While his rash vow arose to mind,  
 A vow he could not now recall ;  
 Alas ! and hadst thou stay'd behind !  
 My child—my daughter—and my all !

The sight of thee has brought me low,  
 And marr'd the triumphs of the day :  
 A gift unto the Lord I owe,  
 And I the awful debt must pay.

With look resign'd, the beauteous maid,  
 Reply'd in accents nobly free :  
 My father ! do as thou hast said,  
 Since God has giv'n thee victory.

But, gracious sire, this one request  
 Is all I ask of thee below :

That these, and pointing to the rest,  
To Israel's lonely mountains go :

And there with me bewail my doom,  
And help to fit me for the tomb :  
Then, father, I'll return to thee,  
To do what thou see'st best to me.



"Now spring returns, but not to me returns,  
"The vernal joys my better years have known;  
"Dim in my breast, life's dying taper burns,  
"And all the joys of life with health are flown."  
BRUCE.

Without a friend whereon to lean,  
The world appears a blank to me ;  
They term it discontent, or spleen,  
But, Lord ! the cause is known to thee.

This burden'd heart was light as theirs,  
Ere pain and sorrow brought it low ;  
And they who scorn, may feel the cares,  
That mine, alas ! is doom'd to know.

Buoyant with health, they smoothly glide,  
By prosperous gales securely borne ;  
But adverse winds may turn the tide,  
Or leave them on the rocks to mourn.

Then let me humbly bear my lot—  
A lot too hard for nature, long ;  
Be every earthly ill forgot,  
In meek forgiveness of the wrong.

Oppress'd with ills, this feeble frame  
 Is fast declining, earth, to thee ;  
 O ! thou who breath'd the immortal flame,  
 Receive it when from bondage free.

Each past offence, I pray, forgive;  
 This heart that feebly beats within,  
 Desires thy mercy, whilst I live,  
 To free from all the dregs of sin.

Saviour, I come, oppress'd and vile,  
 To thee, my burden to remove;  
 Forgive me, with one gracious smile,  
 And, Oh ! accept a sinner's love.



### MY BROTHER.

ADDRESSED TO B. D. C.

Companion of my early days,  
 Back to that period memory strays;  
 Or follows o'er life's thorny maze—  
 My Brother.

Yes ! dear associate of life's dawn,  
 With thee I've rov'd the flow'ry lawn;  
 But, ah ! those happy days are gone—  
 My Brother.

To thee I now must bid adieu !  
 But with a heart to nature true,  
 Affection shall thy steps pursue—  
 My Brother.

To where Muskingum's waters flow,  
 Be that the favour'd spot below ;  
 Where thou and thine, true peace shall know,—  
 My Brother.



### WHEAT-HILL.

The sun to the westward now sinks in a blaze,  
 And the light dews begin to distill ;  
 Each field and each meadow new beauty displays,  
 And the clouds are all ting'd with the sun's yellow rays,  
 As he slowly declines from Wheat-hill.

Here the turtle-dove coos from the morn till the night,  
 And the breezes blow fresh from the west ;  
 Here the locust-tree, clad all in blossoms of white—  
 Or the sweet honeysuckles the senses delight,  
 As the dew-drops descend on its breast.

Tho' no castle be seen in the prospect around,  
 Nor old towers in ruins display'd ;  
 Yet, peace and contentment, and plenty abound,  
 And the fields are in clover, all smiling around,  
 While the sycamore casts a broad shade.

While far on the road, midst the foliage, you see  
 The pride of young Drogheda rise ;  
 Which displays the pure taste of its owner, J. B.  
 And farther o'ershaded by many a tree—  
 The old Meeting-house meets the eye.

And where the roads cross by the hickory shade,  
 Is the school-master's humble retreat ;  
 He is modest and gentle, and none are afraid,  
 But, yet they all know, that he will be obey'd,  
 When once he has taken his seat.



### THE WILD FLOWER ;

*Or, pleasures and pains of Memory.*

The morn was clear, the skies were bright,  
 And soft the western breezes blew ;  
 When Flora, rob'd in green so light,  
 Came tripping o'er the pearly dew.

Beneath her light and airy tread,  
 A thousand lovely flowers unclose,  
 While far around, the seeds she spread  
 Of violet, pink, and fragrant rose—  
 And every other pretty flower,  
 That blossoms in the vernal hour.

These, soon the hand of art remov'd,  
 Within the garden walls to bloom ;  
 There to be seen, admir'd, belov'd,  
 And shed around a sweet perfume.

But as the goddess, light and gay,  
 Dispers'd her gaudy treasures far ;  
 Some by the gales were borne away,



And doom'd to light in barren soil ;  
 And there without a gard'ner's toil,  
 Have stood to ev'ry blast a prey.

Yon tender flower, whose fragile form,  
 Has felt of many a blast the power ;  
 Yet, gently yields to every storm,  
 A poor defenceless lonely flower.

Implanted in a steril soil,  
 Full many a blast has laid it low,—  
 Yet, still without a gard'ner's toil,  
 I mark its faded beauties blow ;—  
 And without culture, love or care,  
 It still upon the desert air,  
 Its fragrance does bestow.

But, now the vernal breeze is fled,  
 And summer's radiant sun-beams past  
 Upon its lone defenceless head,  
 The cold night dews are falling fast.

And soon the bleak relentless storm,  
 Sweeping along the northern sky,  
 Must-break its oft-tried feeble form,  
 And bid its faded beauties die :  
 While drifting snows shall o'er it beat,  
 And prove its spotless winding sheet.

Poor little flower, thy slender form,  
 That soon must sink beneath the storm  
 Reminds me of hopes cherish'd flower,  
 That blossom'd in my vernal hour.



Lovely and fair as thus it grew,  
 Its fragrant bosom drank the dew ;  
 Not doom'd, like thee, forlorn to stand,—  
 'Twas cultur'd by affection's hand.

The gales of friendship breath'd it o'er,  
 And round its fragrant odours bore :  
 But, ah ! no bliss is lasting here ;  
     The storms did blow,  
     And laid it low,  
 And crop'd the hand that did it rear.

Thou silvery Moon, whose radiance bright,  
 Sheds a soft light o'er all below,  
 Oh ! guide me, now in lonely plight,  
 Where lies the hand of friendship low.

Let memory true,  
 Each scene renew,  
 That us'd to dissipate my care ;  
     And bring to sight,  
     Each dear delight,  
 And every pang I witness'd there—  
 Till tears of bliss and sorrow blend,  
 O'er the dear spot where lies each earthly friend.

Oh ! memory, why art thou design'd,  
 The soul with ecstasy to thrill !  
 Why grant us every bliss refin'd,  
     And then our bliss with anguish kill !  
 But is the flower of hope, that us'd to bloom,  
 Lost, with the hands that rear'd it, in the tomb !

Methinks I hear,  
 As from a higher sphere,  
 A voice as mild as summer air,  
 And sweet as Angel accents flow,  
 In gentle whisper, answer no !  
 Thy hope, surcharg'd with sorrow's dew,  
 Shall yet its wonted charms renew.—

Let faith direct thee to an higher sphere,  
 There thy lov'd friends, in bright array,  
 Now flourish in immortal day :—  
 Nor mourn the adverse storms that oft assail'd them here.

Then what avail the cold neglect,  
 That virtue oft is doom'd to find !  
 Why sigh for kindness or respect,  
 Or why to court the great inclin'd ?

The weakest flower that scents the gale,  
 Tho' oft by driving tempest riven,  
 Does all the radiant beams inhale,  
 That issue from the sun of heaven :  
 And the light evening dews that fall,  
 Freely alike descend on all.

Or, wherefore, sigh to have a name,  
 Recorded in the book of fame ?  
 Since time into oblivion rolls,  
 The actions of sublimest souls.

There is a record kept on high,  
 Graven in hues that cannot fade ;

Whose praise does worldly praise out-vie,  
 As the bright sun the darkest shade :  
 Yet, like the wild-flower in the desert rude,  
 The love of fame, unconquer'd, unsubdued,  
 Revives beyond the storm, and is again renew'd.



Dearest of aught below, I see thee stand,  
 "Just on the borders of the spirit land."

Sufferer, toss'd on life's rough ocean,  
 O ! bear up a little longer ;  
 Brave awhile the waves' commotion,  
 They roll strong, but God is stronger.

See, beyond the swelling billow,  
 Who is that with arm extended !  
 Go and make his breast thy pillow—  
 Go,—ah ! now the storm is ended.

Oh ! how sweet the calm, succeeding  
 The cold lingering storm of death ;  
 I have gaz'd on life receding—  
 I have watch'd the parting breath.

Oh ! my heart, the mix'd emotion,  
 That thou then wast doom'd to know ;  
 As I kiss'd, with warm devotion,  
 Lips as cold as mountain snow.

Saw those eyes, now clos'd for ever,  
 That with kindness beam'd on me ;

Fare-thee-well, but I shall never  
Cease to love, or think of thee.

Suff'rer, thou art past that ocean,  
On whose billows I am toss'd;—  
Jesus, speak, and calm their motion!  
Save, O Lord! or I am lost.



### MOON LIGHT.

See yon Moon, whose silver light,  
Not one dark'ning cloud impedes;  
O'er the azure vault of night,  
All her glittering train she leads.

Oh! not so my aching breast;  
Doubts and fears obstruct its way;  
Clouds of gloom upon it rest—  
Clouds presage approaching day.

Thus the cheerer, hope, appears,  
When the heart is wrapt in gloom;  
Comes to dissipate my fears—  
Points to rest beyond the tomb.



### MY ÆOLIAN HARP.

Clear was the air, and zephyrs balmy wing,  
Fraught with sweet odours, brush'd my trembling  
lyre;

The trees were cloth'd with all the pride of spring,  
 The soul with ceaseless rapture to inspire ;  
 A thousand sweets came breathing o'er the vale,  
 And passing, kiss'd my little minstrel gay ;  
 Which made sweet melody at every gale,  
 And as the breeze retir'd, it gently died away.



### TO MY QUILL.

Companion of each lonely hour,  
 Through every change, I love thee still ;  
 'Tis thine to sooth affliction's power—  
 My slender quill.

Whene'er my heart with grief is press'd,  
 'Tis then thy tears so fast distill ;  
 Thou calm'st the tumult of my breast—  
 My dearest quill.

Thou slender, dear, bewitching thing,  
 Tho' thou no charms to others show ;  
 Yet, I the pleasures thou dost bring,  
 Can ne'er forego.

There are no friends I yet have known,  
 In whom, like thee, I can confide ;  
 The secrets that to thee are shown,  
 None know beside.

Through the remainder of my days,  
 With joy, my vacant moments fill ;  
 And may we both in virtue's ways,  
 Be guided still.

When in my service thou art old,  
 And I have ceas'd thy guide to be;  
 Then may some partial friend behold,  
     My love for thee.



### THE SAILOR BOY.

Bounding o'er the dark green ocean,  
     Peaceful be the sea boy's pillow;  
 Hush! ye waves, your wild commotion,  
     As he rides the foamy billow.

When the Moon, in lustre beaming,  
     O'er the wide expanded sea;  
 Think, my boy, that Moon is gleaming,  
     On thy distant home and me.

Bounding billow, haste thy motion,  
     Bear the wand'rer swiftly o'er;  
 Silvery moon-light, gild the ocean,  
     Till he reach his native shore.



### HARP OF MY YOUTH.

Harp of my childhood, still dear to my bosom,  
     Tho' long on the willow thou lonely hast hung;  
 Thou art all that remains of the wreck of each blossom  
     Of hope, and by sorrow, art almost unstrung.

But I cannot resign thee, the heart's blest composer,  
 Who oft hast allay'd the sad griefs I have known ;  
 Tho' I wish to submit to the righteous disposer,  
 Yet himself has bestow'd, and I call thee my own.

May he who bestow'd, in his goodness repair thee,  
 And put in my heart a new song to his praise !  
 May no theme unworthy, henceforward ensnare thee,  
 But both in his service devote all our days.

Sweet harp of my childhood ! tho' youthful no longer,  
 Thy notes are not cheerful, but plaintive and low !  
 And they who would wish thy sad accents were stronger,  
 Must learn that it suits not the harp-strings of woe.



## THE PEACOCK AND THE HORNET.

Ye little birds lament and wail,  
 Whilst I relate as true a tale,  
     As ever you did hear ;  
 Ye scarce may credit what I say,  
 Because it happen'd far away,  
     And seems so queer.

But not to keep you in suspense,  
 I'll briefly tell you, 'twas far hence—  
     Upon the ocean :  
 It happen'd that a Peacock gay ;  
 You'll wonder much, I dare to say,  
     At his strange notion ;—

As Peacocks rarely go to sea,  
 But so it happen'd, as you see—  
     This Peacock went ;  
 Spreading his colours far and wide,  
 He sail'd along with wondrous pride—  
     On conquest bent.

When, presently, what seems as queer,  
 A Hornet came, advancing near—  
     Her stripes did glow ;  
 And darting in the Peacock's side,  
 With a few stings subdued his pride—  
     And brought him low.

Henceforth, beware, ye feather'd train,  
 Of launching out upon the main—  
     Nor scorn the wing  
 Of insect brother ; since ye know,  
 That, tho' your colours brighter glow,  
     *They wear a sting.*



*To T\*\*\*\*\* P\*\*\*\*, on his presenting me an Inkstand  
 and Candlestick.*

Ye nine saucy girls, who encircle the shrine,  
 Where the lamp of Apollo so brightly doth shine ;  
 No more I'll come cringing, so let me alone,  
 Since your fav'rite has given me a lamp for my own.

How oft have I begg'd on Pegassus to soar,  
 Or a drop from your fountain did vainly implore ;



But now genius has kindly bestow'd me his light,  
And the fountain of wit is now full in my sight.

But, alas ! I am fearful my attempts will be vain,  
As I find that already I've puzzled my brain :  
And since by his light I so poorly have sped,  
I must seek to old Morpheus to settle my head.



"The storm that wrecks the winter sky,  
"No more disturbs their deep repose."

The loud wind whistled o'er the moor,  
No cheering sound was nigh ;  
I watch'd a sufferer, now no more—  
No other friend was by.

No little star appear'd above,  
The moon enshrouded deep ;  
I saw my dearest earthly love,  
But, ah ! I could not weep.

In the deep anguish of my soul,  
I felt what since I've found,  
'That one unseen did then control,  
And help'd me bear the wound.

I felt as though each earthly hope,  
Receded from my sight ;  
And saw remov'd the only prop  
That gave my heart delight.

And since that day, forlorn and sad,  
 I wander far and near;  
 But find no friend, like her I had,  
 My drooping heart to cheer.

And now in gloomy sorrow hid,  
 No more on earth, I try;  
 But seek the friend, I trust, she did,  
 And find a home on high.



### LITTLE STREAM THAT ROLLS AWAY.

Little stream that rolls away,  
 Pebbles from thy bosom fair;  
 Could the stream of time convey,  
 From my breast its load of care;  
 Bear them to that boundless sea—  
 Lose them in eternity.

Little stream that winds along,  
 Through many a meadow gay;  
 Bright insects on thy bosom throng,  
 And sportive Nais play;  
 But, ah! this breast, the seat of woes,  
 No little sportive cheerer knows.

How oft have I, when life was new,  
 Pursued thee in thy mazy way;  
 And pluck'd the dewy flowers, that grew,  
 Upon thy margin gay:

Yes, little stream, I once have known,  
A course as playful as thy own.

But, sorrow's gales have dried its source,  
Or weeds of care impede ;  
The stream of joy has ceas'd its course,  
Through flowing vales to lead ;  
Sluggish and sad it wanders on,  
And to the sight will soon be gone.

But there's a boundless ocean flows,  
Beyond this vale of time,  
Where troubled streams at last repose,  
And find a milder clime :  
By storms unruffled, and from pebbles free,  
They float as liquid gems in that unbounded sea,



### MIDNIGHT.

The clock has told the midnight hour gone by,  
An awful stillness reigns—a calm profound !  
Save now and then the watch-man's tuneful cry,  
As through the street he takes his hourly round.

Or, wakeful watch-dog, at the midnight hour,  
With doleful howl presaging danger nigh ;  
O'er the vast crowds old Morpheus holds his pow'r,  
Within his soft embrace what thousands lie.

The busy crowds, that lately throng'd the way,  
In search of pleasure, or impell'd by care,

Have sunk, at last, beneath his powerful sway,  
And not a sound disturbs the peaceful air.

No more the shops their gaudy hues display—  
The ceaseless jar of rattling wheels is o'er;  
While the shrill harbinger of coming day,  
Again proclaims another hour's no more!

Again, ere long, the busy crowds shall rise—  
Again, with morn, some new-born scheme pursue;  
And, ere the sun bedecks the eastern skies,  
The varied strains discordant shall renew.

Oh! for some calm retreat, from bustle free,  
Still as the silent hour I now possess;  
Blest solitude! I'd give the world for thee,  
Within some distant, little calm recess.

Some fav'rite spot within my native vale,  
In calm remembrance of the past to sigh;  
And, when I feel death's icy hand assail,  
Favour'd with hope of future rest—to die.



### HOME.

No more with glad heart I return to my home,  
Where the friends of my childhood I greeted with joy;  
A destitute wanderer, all pensive I roam,  
And feel the sad ills that misfortune annoy.

O! hasten ye months—why so tardily flow—  
Why linger your pangs my sad bosom to rend;

Ah! why thus detain'd in this valley of woe,  
Where I find not a father—a mother—a friend!

Ye dear native plains, and thou cottage so dear,  
Where the eglantine twines round the window so  
sweet;  
Where first I saw light, and breath'd the chill air,  
From a world that has since prov'd with sorrow re-  
plete.

But, why thus forlorn, time is hast'ning away—  
This heart slowly beats in a ~~time~~ <sup>time</sup> ~~time~~ oppress'd;  
Nor distant, far distant, I trust is the day,  
That shall bear me away to my friends and to rest.



### THE BEGGAR.

Behold the poor fellow who sits on yon stone!  
While the tempest beats cold on his head;  
To each one he bows, tho' he makes not a moan,  
But still points with his *left* to the stump of a bone,  
That stands to the *right* of his head.

'Tis all that remains of an arm that was *right*,  
And, no doubt, being *right*, it was strong;  
'Twas the best that he had, but if last in the fight,  
I cannot but judge, tho' it stood to the right,  
That it happen'd just then to be wrong.

But no matter for that, 'tis the loss of an arm,  
And no mortal that loss can repair;

Oh! Charity! let thy cold bosom grow warm,  
 And fill up the hat that should shield from the storm,  
 The head that is bowing and bare.

But, he bows, and he bows, and the crowds pass along,  
 Scarcely one gives him pity or pelf;  
 Just returning from Church, it perhaps may be wrong,  
 Should I give him a dime he will get something strong—  
 Thus I injure both him and myself.

Good reasons, indeed! but His bountiful care,  
 By whom sun-shine and rain-drops descend;  
 Alike for the evil and good does prepare—  
 For he wills that his children should all have a share,  
 As his love to each one does extend.

Then, prithee, poor fellow, nor bow nor repine,  
 If thy brother divide not with thee;  
 The lot of inheritance yet may be thine,  
 And thou may'st thy cold-hearted brethren out-shine,  
 As far as they now out-shine thee.



### MEMORY.

Scenes of my childhood! fairer to my sight,  
 Than all the costly domes of wealth or power;  
 Still pensive memory lingers with delight,  
 On many a past, and many a pleasant hour.  
 Delightful hours! on memory deeply trac'd—  
 Too deep by time or change to be erased.

"Dear is my little native vale."

Dear is the vale that gave me birth,  
The sweetest spot of all the earth;  
And dear the verdant flow'ry lawn,  
When first I hail'd life's cheerful dawn :—  
And dear the little playful group,  
That gamboll'd o'er the verdant slope;  
But dearer far, that tender breast,  
That sooth'd my infant cares to rest.

And *he*, dear guardian of our youth,  
Who sought to guide in paths of truth,  
The little, yet untainted group,  
Their present joy, their future hope.  
Remembrance to my fancy brings,  
A thousand soft endearing things :  
Ah ! what a sad reverse I find—  
Oppress'd with wounds, and none to bind.

And that dear cot, where once I prov'd,  
The joy to love, and be beloved ;  
Around that cheerful hearth, I see  
No face, that beams a smile on me :  
No sympathizing voice I hear—  
I feel no kindred bosom near.

I mark the sweet brier blooms as fair—  
As sweet the rose-bush scents the air ;  
The willow bends as graceful by,  
The poplars rear their heads as high ;—

The little stream as smoothly flows,  
Fring'd by the butter-cup and rose.

The birds as sweet renew their strain,  
And flocks and herds still graze the plain ;  
The tinkling bell, the closing day,  
And the bright sun's last parting ray,  
Beaming upon the windows fair,  
Remind of joys I witness'd there.

But, parting sun, with radiance bright,  
Nor tinkling bell at coming night ;  
Nor flocks nor herds that calmly graze,  
Nor sweetest birds melodious lays ;  
Nor little streamlet smooth and clear,  
Whose banks adorn'd with flowers appear ;  
Nor pensive willow's bending shade,  
Nor poplar's tall aspiring head ;  
Nor fragrant rose, nor sweet-briar fair,  
Can sooth a heart oppress'd with care :  
Tho' all looks beautiful and fair,  
The hand that rear'd them is not there.



### FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

Oh ! FRIENDSHIP, so warmly profess'd,  
In the days when affliction was new ;  
Oh ! where hast thou taken thy rest,  
Since thyself, nor thy offspring I view.



I had thought thee both kind and sincere,—  
 But the thought I am forc'd to reject ;  
 Since the names of thy offspring appear,  
 To be silence, alone, and neglect.

From a parent so tender and warm,  
 If such cold-hearted children descend ;  
 I would seek to the merciless storm,  
 Quite as soon, in the hope of a friend.



*On seeing a newly-blown Flower almost concealed  
 beneath the snow.*

Attracted by the vernal ray,  
 Thy leaves unfolded to the day,  
 Sweetly as any flower of May—  
 Gift of an hour.

For scarce could we thy coming greet,  
 Or pluck thee from thy native seat,  
 Till thou hast found thy winding-sheet—  
 Poor little flower.

In all thy gaudy tints array'd,  
 Upon thy breast the sun-beams play'd,  
 By fear of future undismay'd—  
 But who can tell :

Tho' brightly now our sun may glow,  
 To-morrow may the tempest blow,  
 And lay ourselves, and hopes as low,  
 As my poor daffodil.

## LOVE.

'Tis love that smooths life's thorny way,  
 And softens every woe ;  
 That turns the gloom of night to day,  
 And makes a Heaven below.

Let the warm current through my heart,  
 Diffuse its influence sweet ;  
 And thence in little streamlets part,  
 And flow to all I meet.

Since Love is call'd the badge, whereby  
 The christian's claim we prove ;  
 Oh ! let us raise our prayers on high,  
 To the great Source of Love.

So may the balm of human woe,  
 To warm our hearts descend ;  
 With charity for every foe,  
 And love for every friend.



## A MAY SONG.

Hail ! May, lovely May, with thy flowrets so blooming,  
 Thy meads all bespangled with dew-drops so sweet ;  
 Come join me, ye songsters, let all join together,  
 And cheer for a moment this lonely retreat.

Oh ! it cannot be lonely, while you sing so sweetly,  
 And the brisk little lambkins so jocundly play ;

Oh ! it fills every bosom with transports of pleasure,  
But soon it is fled—ah ! too short is its stay.

Now see ! every face wears the smile of contentment,  
Each feature bespeaks that the mind is serene ;  
Then welcome, fair May, but thy charms are too fleeting,  
Too soon, ah ! too soon, we must lose the fair scene.

But why should I mourn that the seasons are varying ;  
They change, but they change some new pleasures to  
bring ;  
Still the rose grows on thorns—would we eat of the honey,  
We must not expect to escape from the sting.

So heaven has decreed it—then who would reverse it ;  
In vain we repine, let's be gay as the hours ;  
Let us stray o'er the meadow, or join in the chorus,  
With the songsters who warble their notes in the  
bowers.

See charming contentment comes forth to invite us  
How sweet are her looks, and how placid her smile ;  
Her brow, how serene—with what goodness & candour,  
She begs us to rest in her arbour awhile.

How swift glide the hours, when thus softly reclining,  
On a green mossy bed, by a soft purling stream ;  
While fancy retracing o'er scenes of past pleasure,  
Is lost for awhile in the sweet soothing dream.

But, 'tis time to be going, the cows are returning,  
The ploughman quite merry comes whistling along ;

The sun is just setting—I see his broad shadows,  
And so for the present an end to my song.



### FREE GRACE.

Since mercy is so rich and free,  
Oh ! why should I despair ;  
Ascend the mount of Calvary,  
And see an instance there.

As Christ hung suff'ring on the cross,  
Oppress'd with pain and care ;  
Earth mourn'd in darkness for the loss,  
Of the rich blood shed there.

Close at the Saviour's parting side,  
Bedew'd with tears and blood,  
A contrite penitent applied,  
And thus address'd his God :—

“ Dear Saviour, hear a sinner's cry,  
“ Who begs thy pard'ning grace !  
“ And, oh ! remember me on high,  
“ Before thy Father's face.”

The dying Saviour turn'd to see,  
And instantly replies :—  
“ This day thy parting soul shall be,  
“ With me in Paradise.”

## ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Come hither, all this obvious truth attest,  
 And tell me why, mankind are still unblest !  
 In midst of plenty, still he sighs for more ;  
 One scheme destroy'd, he new ones will explore :  
 In every stage of life, whate'er his joys,  
 Some new perplexity his peace annoys.

Not so the beasts that roam the distant wood ;  
 Not so the fish that skim the foamy flood ;  
 Not so the feather'd tenants of the air :  
 Tho' less than man they claim their maker's care.

These, when the wants of nature are supplied,  
 Are quite content, they feel no want beside :—  
 No fears, no anxious cares disturb their breast,  
 Nature suffic'd, they lay them down to rest.

Then why is man unblest ? why each desire,  
 To something more than he enjoys, aspire ?  
 The truth is plain, that man is still unblest—  
 And plain, this world is not his place of rest.

Not like the beasts that die, and are no more,  
 Man has a soul that will new realms explore ;—  
 And every pang that does his joys control,  
 Bespeaks an immortality of Soul.



*Written on New Year's Evening—1826.*

Evening of the new born year,  
 While I hear the tempest roar,

Can I bid thee welcome here—  
 'Thou hast brought no joys to cheer,  
 Us poor tenants of the moor.

Tho' the fire burns briskly by,  
 Yet this heart is wrapt in gloom,  
 While I hear a mother sigh—  
 See her dim and half-clos'd eye,  
 Hast'ning to the silent tomb.



*Reflections on the death of a dear friend.*

Say, is there aught below the sky,  
 To fix our hearts upon ?  
 Our brightest prospects quickly die—  
 How soon our hopes are gone !

Yes, they are transient as the flower,  
 'That only blooms to die ;  
 To whom in life's uncertain hour,  
 Shall we for help apply ?

Not to the fading joys below,  
 Tho' round our hearts they twine ;  
 Teach us, Almighty Lord, to know  
 Our wills all lost in thine.

Tho' hard the task, with strength from thee,  
 We may that task fulfil ;  
 Behold ! the gentle soul set free,  
 Bow'd meekly to thy will.

With thy sweet presence, Lord of life,  
 His aching bosom cheer ;  
 Who mourns a dear and lovely wife—  
 Be thou his comfort here.

And these sweet babes, to grief unknown,  
 Oh ! take beneath thy care ;  
 Oh ! grant that they before thy throne,  
 May meet their mother there.

She, gentle spirit, ere she fled,  
 To realms of endless day,  
 Desir'd her children might be led,  
 In virtue's spotless way.

Then cease, dear Phebe, to lament,  
 As one who mourns in vain ;  
 Let us improve the moments lent,  
 And we shall meet again.

Yes, we shall meet our sister, where  
 All tears are wip'd away ;  
 Oh ! let us, whilst we may prepare,  
 Death's summons to obey.

Oh ! let us seek Almighty aid—  
 Before him humbly bend ;  
 Then we, like Sarah, undismay'd,  
 May meet our latter end.

## LINES

*On the birth of J. S. G. to his Mother ;—1813.*

Innocence, like Cherubs, hover  
 O'er that little breast of thine ;  
 Sweet sojourner, beauteous rover,  
 In our world may peace be thine.

As thy little morn advances,  
 Health diffuses roses round ;  
 Sweetly in thy blue eye dances,  
 Innocence, with pleasure crown'd.

Lovely babe, to grief a stranger,  
 Deaf to flattery yet thou art ;  
 Oh ! whilst here, my beauteous ranger,  
 Ne'er may sorrow wound thy heart.

Safe, by heavenly goodness guarded,  
 'Gainst temptation's witching snares ;  
 Rich with virtue's prize rewarded,  
 In a world remote from cares.

Fair, in manly beauties rising,  
 Firm in friendship, love and truth,  
 In thy soul these graces prizing,  
 That alone embellish youth.

Happiness, the richest treasure,  
 Sought by mortals here below ;  
 In a world of endless pleasure,  
 May it be thy lot to know.



*On the death of the same ;—1814.*

Farewell, sweet babe ! thy little soul has flown,  
 To bloom, for ever, in a world unknown !  
 Oh ! happy babe—releas'd from future cares,  
 From pain, from sorrow, and a thousand snares ;  
 Ere the rough blasts of riper years assail,  
 At port, safe landed, by a transient gale.

Ere soft temptation's siren voice betray'd—  
 Or ere the snares to catch thy soul were laid.  
 Ere sin or folly led thy heart astray,  
 Or cruel sorrow strew'd with thorns thy way.

Oh ! blest escape !—by mercy's hand set free ;  
 For whilst I view myself, I envy thee.  
 Dear lovely babe, safe landed on that shore,  
 Where grief, where pain, where sorrows are no more !  
 Though hard to nature was the parting stroke,  
 Yet, ah ! lament not that this cord is broke.

My dear Lettitia, seek resign'd to be,  
 Thy little darling is not lost to thee :—  
 His cherub form in infant beauties shine,  
 And though remov'd to heaven, he still is thine.  
 Oh, seek ! and thou shalt find, (array'd in joy,)  
 Those happy regions, and embrace thy boy.

**ON THE RETURN OF PEACE—1815.**

Welcome, sweet smiling Peace, again,  
 Thrice welcome to Columbia's plain !

With grateful hearts, we hail thee here—  
 Return, and never disappear ;  
     That streams of gore,  
     Be seen no more,  
     Our verdant flow'ry lawns to stain—  
 No more the atlantic waves be dyed ;  
 But may our ships securely ride  
     Uninjur'd, o'er the main.

Sweet olive branch !—more precious, far,  
 Than all the laurels gain'd in war :  
 Ye sons of Neptune, bold and brave,  
 Who fought for glory on the wave—  
     Say, did ye know  
     A joy to flow,  
     When plunging in the briny deep,  
 Ye saw your foes all stain'd with gore,  
 Sink in the wave, to rise no more ?  
     Say, did not pity weep ?

Or, does the furious storm remove,  
 The generous sympathies of love ?  
 But, gentle Peace again has come,  
 To call the war-worn heroes home.  
     May the cannon's roar,  
     Be heard no more,  
     To echo through old ocean's caves ;  
 But at the helm may peace preside,  
 While gentle breezes safely glide,  
     Our warriors o'er the waves.

Demon of war, thy hostile rage,  
 In love's unbounded stream assuage!  
 Hush'd be the trumpet's kindling breath,  
 And the dire implements of death  
     To plough-shares beat—  
     And make thy seat,  
     Sweet Peace, upon Columbia's shore!  
 Industry, commerce, wealth improve,  
 With all the sweets of social love—  
     And never leave us more.

Nor to Columbia's land, alone—  
 May'st thou o'er all the world be known;  
 And thy blest reign to all extend,  
 That man may be to man a friend.  
     Thou God of love,  
     Who rules above,  
     Breathe thy pure spirit in each soul;  
 That as the children of one Sire,  
 Our hearts may glow with one desire,  
     And streams of blood no longer roll.

#### —●●— LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Slumberer, beneath the lowly mound,  
     That lightly covers o'er thy breast;  
 Thy flesh, a resting place hath found—  
     Thy soul, I trust, an endless rest.  
 Short was thy warning to depart;  
     Yet he who call'd, could thee prepare—

For He alone beholds the heart,  
And reads the secret wishes there.

May He protect whom thou hast left,  
To combat with life's cares awhile ;—  
May she,\* of whom thou wast bereft,  
In heaven receive thee with a smile.



### TO AN INFANT.

Little stranger on life's stage,  
Thou dost now my thoughts engage,  
To salute thee with a song—  
Wishing thou may'st tarry long :  
Wishing thou may'st act thy part,  
As to gain applause of heart ;  
So that when the curtains close,  
Thou may'st sink to sweet repose.

Lovely babe ! may'st thou inherit,  
Mother's charms, and father's merit ;  
While beneath their fostering hand,  
Thou a lovely flower may'st stand ;  
Beauteous as the fragrant rose,  
That the breeze of summer blows ;  
Sweet as when the morning gale,  
Breathes o'er the lily of the vale :  
And modest as the daisy, too,  
By the green verdure hid from view.

---

\* A little daughter, who died some months before.

Be virtue, too, with beauty join'd,  
 A lovely face—a lovelier mind.  
 May every female grace combine,  
 And in thy little bosom shine :  
 These, as thy years increase, impart  
 A transport to each parent heart.

Be thou their joy—be theirs the care,  
 In virtue's paths thy steps to rear ;  
 And as thy dawning charms expand,  
 To pluck the weeds with careful hand :  
 Delighting to behold thee shine,  
 In graces, and in charms divine :  
 And I enraptur'd, too, may share  
 With them the joy, without the care.  
 But, they'll the sweetest prize have won,  
 To know their task of duty done.

So, now adieu ! sweet little lass—  
 May all I've wish'd for come to pass ;  
 And thy mamma, when she reads this,  
 For me, salute thee with a kiss.



#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF DIVINE GOODNESS.

Language fails to find expression,  
 For the feelings of a heart,  
 That would gladly make confession—  
 Would its grateful thoughts impart.

How unbounded ! heavenly Power,  
 Have thy mercies been to me !  
 I behold them every hour,  
 And tho' silent, worship thee.

Was it not thine arm sustain'd me ?  
 Is it not thine arm sustains ?  
 When unnumber'd foes assail'd me—  
 When the tempter yet assails ?

Sure it is thy strength supports me,  
 O'er life's billows, as they swell ;—  
 'Tis thy secret love exhorts me,  
 To the path of doing well.

When seduced by inclination,  
 I in folly's paths have trod ;  
 Fill'd with secret perturbation,  
 I again have sought my God.

Long forbearing, gracious Saviour !  
 Who thus kindly bears with me ;  
 Thus to pardon my behaviour—  
 Help me then to follow thee.

Thus attracted, forward pressing,  
 Dauntless, thro' the opposing throng ;  
 Till thou dost bestow the blessing,  
 That my soul hath sought so long.

## ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

Sweet flower ! and was the blast unkind,  
 That laid thy beauties low !  
 Oh ! could her gentle voice be heard,  
 'Twould sweetly answer—" no."

" Kind was the gentle hand, that gave  
 " The stroke that set me free ;  
 " Then cease to mourn, my parents dear,  
 " Oh ! cease to mourn for me.

" I would not to the world return,  
 " For all the world can boast ;  
 " Few are its pleasures, and its ills  
 " Are oft a numerous host.

" It was to me a blest escape—  
 " For mercy set me free ;  
 " My precious parents, seek the path  
 " That leads to heaven and me.

" Tho' you may find a thorny road,  
 " And be with crosses tried ;  
 " Yet, will a kind Redeemer prove,  
 " Your guardian and your guide.

" Ye dear associates of my dawn,  
 " As opening flowers, so sweet ;  
 " Oh ! may protecting Goodness guide  
 " To heaven, your little feet."

Yes! gentle spirit, such as thine,  
 All innocent and mild,  
 A gracious Saviour deigns to love—  
 He blest a little child.

Oh! with what ardour I have wished,  
 My lot had been as thine;  
 Yet, cease, O! cease, my erring will,  
 To murmur or repine.

For well I know there is a hand,  
 Who can preserve from ill;  
 And as our souls devoted stand,  
 A firm support we feel.

But, ah! we have a feeble frame,  
 And an unwearied foe;—  
 A round of tyrants to subdue,  
 Ere self we overthrow.

With all the feeble might we boast,  
 We in the fight should die,  
 And all our best attempts be lost,  
 Without a helper nigh.

Our utmost zeal—our utmost care,  
 Would all abortive prove;—  
 Our only refuge is in prayer—  
 Our hope a Saviour's love.

Humbly to bear the daily cross,  
 Our gracious Lord requires:



In that I daily, hourly fail—  
The sum of my desires.

Oh ! could we meekly bear the stroke,  
That would from sin set free ;  
Then would each sorrow, now disguis'd,  
A blessing prove to be.



### TO TWO FRIENDS NEWLY MARRIED.

Since bound in matrimonial fetter,  
Link'd for worse, or for the better,  
Much upon yourselves depend,  
How the matter yet may end :  
Husbands, now, instead of beaux—  
So the world to wedlock goes.

Since sly Cupid laid the plot,  
And old Hymen tied the knot,  
I advise you, friends so dear,  
Not to let a flaw appear.  
Keep the chain as sound and bright,  
As when first it bound you tight.

If a link should chance to break,  
Mend it soon, for quiet's sake ;  
By delay the chain may part,  
And, forsooth, divide the heart.  
Let the little tinker (x.,  
Weld it, ere it comes in two.

There are none who *wish you joy*,  
 And that thread-bare phrase employ,  
 That a warmer interest knows,  
 Than the heart from whence this flows ;  
 And if wishes make you blest,  
 Sure, you'll be of joy possess'd.

But, alas ! my friends, so dear,  
 Bias, unsullied, dwells not here.  
 Hope is oft a meteor's glare,  
 Cherish'd to disperse in air :  
 Blasted ere it grows mature ;  
 But religion stands secure.

Soothe of life's keenest woes,  
 Be your refuge and repose ;  
 Ever be your lot to find,  
 Sweet content and peace of mind :  
 That your lives may happy be,  
 Is the wish of your friend E.



*To J. C. C. A Sonnet.*

O'er all thy features, infant fair,  
 Such gravity appears,  
 'Twould seem as if young Cupid there,  
 Was making sport with years.  
 But, to my mind it doth presage,  
 The wisdom of thy future age.

And, oh! may my prediction prove,  
 What I desire for thee;  
 The arm of all protecting love,  
 Thy guardian still to be.

Then shalt thou here to greatness rise—  
 And may thy fair example bring,  
 A band of heroes to the skies,  
 To serve with thee, the eternal King.



### THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Suspended in a Spider's web,  
 A Fly had struggled long;  
 And as she just began to hope,  
 Old grim came running down his rope,  
 And fasten'd it more strong.

O'erwhelm'd with black despair, the Fly  
 The struggle now gave o'er,  
 While the fierce Spider drew more nigh,  
 And to his gloomy hole hard by,  
 He the poor victim bore.

'Tis thus old Satan lays his snare,  
 To lure our steps astray;  
 And when he once has got us there,  
 He binds us with the cord DESPAIR,  
 And frightens HOPE away.

But never fear, tho' strong his cord,  
 A stronger can unbind ;  
 The stronger only is the Lord,  
 Who midst *despair* can *hope* afford,  
 And we deliverance find.



### THE WILLOW AND THE OAK.

By a gently purling stream,  
 Grew a weeping Willow-tree,  
 On which a Dove, her notes of love,  
 Would sit and sing most pensively.

Whilst on a neighbouring hill, in sight,  
 Grew a strong and stately Oak ;  
 The tempest blew, the lightning flew,  
 And soon its sturdy trunk was broke.

While, in the vale, the Willow-tree,  
 Remain'd unhurt, beside the brook ;  
 The storm on high, in passing by,  
 From it a few vile branches shook.

Thus lowly minds, who humbly bend,  
 Escape the tempest that assail ;  
 While pride is broke, beneath the stroke  
 Of cruel fortune's bitter gale.

In lowly state we safely grow,  
 Beside the fountain of repose ;  
 While lofty minds, a tempest find,  
 In every adverse gale that blows.

We must be humble, ere we rise ;—  
 Then make me like the Willow-tree ;  
 The Dove impart, within my heart,  
 The song of peace continually.

And tho' some adverse gales may blow,  
 Yet I shall still in safety be ;  
 If the Most High, the brook supply,  
 Within the vale humility.



## THE BUTTERFLY AND THE WORM.

### BUTTERFLY.

Unfit to grace the charms of spring,  
 Thou poor, unnotic'd, creeping thing ;  
 I scarce could tell thee from the grass—  
 Pray crawl aside and let me pass.

### WORM.

And pray, dear sister, why so high ?  
 'Tis late since thou began to fly !  
 And why should wings make thee forget,  
 That I'm thy loving sister yet.  
 'Tis true, thou art in a higher sphere,  
 While I perform my duty here.

### BUTTERFLY.

Thy duty ! wondrous !—that is small,  
 Methinks thou dost no good at all ;  
 So foul a loathsome thing as thee,  
 How dar'st thou claim akin with me ?

## WORM.

Pray be not angry, sister Fly,  
 Tho' thou hast wings to soar on high ;  
 If thou wilt only stoop, thou'lt see,  
 Thy colours are the same with me.  
 And the same hand that streak'd thy wing,  
 Has cloth'd me in the hues of spring;  
 With green and gold my body grac'd,  
 And in a proper station plac'd,  
 Where I partake his daily care,  
 As much as those who fly in air ;  
 Tho' different now may be our stations,  
 When I get wings we are relations ;  
 Till then, I am content to be,  
 Where Providence sees fit for me.



## THE CAT AND THE TOAD.

## CAT.

Well neighbour humpback, how dost do ?  
 I see thou art catching flies !  
 But never mind, I'd catch thee too,  
 But that thou art so lean to view,  
 That I do thee despise.

I took thee for a heap of dirt,  
 And such indeed thou art ;  
 Pray neighbour sauce-box, why that flirt  
 Nay, prithee, do not look so pert,  
 Or I will make thee smart.

## TOAD.

Bless me, *dear* Puss, thou art wondrous high !

A more than common Cat !

Dost thou begrudge a single fly,

To a poor Toad, that's hopping by,

When thou can'st dine on rat ?

Hold off thy paw, audacious flirt !

For tho' I'm mean to view,

We both are form'd of the same dirt,

And if our talents we exert,

We'll find enough to do.

'Tis true, thy coat more smooth appears—

No thanks to thee for that ;

Since Providence for both prepares—

And every Toad, his bounty shares,

As well as every Cat.



## THE CRICKET AND THE ANT.

## CRICKET.

Well, neighbour Ant, I see thy cell

Is with provision stored well ;

I did not know you liv'd so near—

I hope we shall be neighbours here.

## ANT.

I hope we shall—as I to-morrow

Shall stand in need of thee to borrow.



CRICKET.

Indeed, dear Ant, it will be vain!  
 As I've come hither to complain,  
 And beg a little of thy meat,  
 For my poor starving babes to eat.

ANT.

In Summer, what wast thou about,  
 That now, so soon, thy store is out?

CRICKET.

Why, singing was my Summer trade,  
 And now to work I am afraid;  
 For, if abroad I show my head,  
 Some cruel foot will crush me dead.

ANT.

Well, get thee home, I have no more  
 Than what will serve my Winter's store;  
 And learn in future to be wise—  
 Against the Winter seek supplies.  
 If thou wilt here respected be,  
 Go learn the art of industry:  
 When thou can'st lend, as well as borrow,  
 We will be neighbours—so good morrow!



### THE DYING LAMB.

Thou pretty Lamb, with snowy fleece,  
 Who heretofore has tasted peace,  
 Throughout thy life;—

F



How unsuspecting thou didst stand,  
 And frisk'd thy tail, and lick'd the hand,  
     That held the knife.

It makes my bosom ache, to see  
 The pretty fleece that covers thee,  
     All stain'd with gore ;  
 No more to stroke thy curly coat,  
 And the shrill bleating of thy throat,  
     To hear no more !

Thou pretty innocent, adieu !  
 And while with pity I review  
     Thy dying pain ;  
 My heart with gratitude replete,  
 Accepts what heaven has sent to eat,  
     Life to sustain.

The woolly coat that kept thee warm,  
 Shall also shield me from the storm,  
     In winter's day ;  
 When thou wast here, I fed thee full,  
 And now thou leav'st thy flesh and wool,  
     The debt to pay.



### THE YOUNG WRENS.

In a cottage wall remote,  
 From the busy hum of men,  
 Straining still her little throat—  
 Nor unpleasing was the note—  
     Liv'd a little merry wren.

Oft she hopp'd within the door,  
     There the falling crumbs to pick  
 Or, the wood-pile would explore—  
 Or, from off the cottage floor,  
     She would steal a little stick.

Till she had her nest complete—  
     Then with unabated care,  
 On it she would take her seat,  
 While her partner, trim and neat,  
     Chaunted to his setting fair.

When her young ones came to light,  
     In a sad unlucky hour,  
 Puss ascended to the height,  
 Urg'd by hunger, or by spite,  
     And did them all devour.

Now all pensive, sad and lorn,  
     Sits the little mournful wren;  
 Weeping for her dear first-born,  
 Solitary and forlorn—  
     Heedless of the noise of men.



#### LINES ADDRESSED TO —————

Had my wishes been aspiring—  
     Had myself been all my care;  
 If in slothful ease retiring,  
     I had sought myself to spare:

If to ease myself of toiling,  
 I e'er press'd another hard ;  
 Let the burden thence recoiling,  
 Prove to me a just reward.

If to helpless wants regardless—  
 If to infant sorrows blind ;  
 Let me pass my days rewardless—  
 Let me ne'er a soother find.

If to kindred ties unfeeling,  
 I have fail'd in duty's part ;  
 Gracious heaven ! to thee appealing ;  
 Thou alone can'st read the heart.

Mine, alas ! what griefs have prov'd it,  
 Memory's page must ever show ;  
 Many a bitter pang has mov'd it—  
 Mov'd it at another's woe.

'Tis a heart with sorrow bleeding,  
 Wrench'd from every earthly hope ;  
 All its pleasing dreams receding,  
 Leave it not a single prop.

Proud, alas ! and I lament it,  
 Not by pride to be subdued ;  
 Kindness, not contempt, must melt it—  
 Means but by a few pursued.

Had its wishes been unbounded,  
 Well it had deserv'd to smart—

Had its sorrows been unfounded,  
It would have borne a silent part.

But, 'tis vain, my case lamenting,  
One there is can wrongs redress;  
If to him my sorrows venting,  
He in time will deign to bless.

O'er this pallid cheek of sadness,  
Yet the glow of health may bloom—  
Through this heart diffuse new gladness,  
Cheer my passage to the tomb.



*Written on recovery from severe illness—1824.*

Dear solace of my youthful years,  
Ah! wherefore wilt thou leave me now?  
Arise, and dissipate the fears,  
That oft my sinking spirits bow.  
Tho' I have oft a wanderer prov'd,  
Yet thy dear name is still belov'd.

Wilt thou desert a wretch forlorn,  
Oppress'd with weakness, care, and woe?  
Ah! in this dreary, sad sojourn,  
To whom for succour can I go?  
Since the dear ties that bind me here,  
Soon from my sight shall disappear.

Ah! why withhold thy helping hand,  
Ah! why avert thy smiling face;

How shall the feeblest mortal stand,  
 Without the influence of thy grace ?  
 Return, oh ! Lord !—my sins forgive—  
 Thy smiles can make the dead to live.

Thy goodness from the bed of death,  
 Wast pleas'd my feeble frame to raise ;  
 May I devote my future breath,  
 To songs of gratitude and praise.  
 But, oh ! beset on every hand,  
 Without thy help, I cannot stand.

This heart that would be thine, alone,  
 And on thy goodness would depend,  
 Unnumber'd frailties must bemoan,  
 That draw it from its dearest friend.  
 But thou can'st bid each rival flee,  
 And fix my heart alone on thee.

If I am weakness—thou art power—  
 And tho' temptations oft assail ;  
 Thy strength can shield me in that hour,  
 Nor let the subtle foe prevail :  
 For oh ! how gladly would I be,  
 Made pure, and fit to dwell with thee.



#### WRITTEN IN AFFLICTION.

May he who through a thorny way,  
 Has been my only help and stay,

Forsake me not in scenes of woe,  
That I may yet be doom'd to know.

I dare not call his hand severe,  
Tho' stripp'd of all that I hold dear,  
And with a heart to sadness prone,  
Feel like a wanderer left alone.

And tho' of dearest friends bereft,  
My God, my Father still is left—  
I see his hand—I own his power,  
That bore me up in trial's hour,  
And made me see, with soul resign'd,  
Afflictions of the keenest kind.

And whilst I bow'd beneath the stroke,  
By which my dearest ties were broke;  
My soul had sunk in low despair,  
Had not a God of strength been there.



### THE OLD BEGGAR.

Wanderer! by the path-way side,  
Poor and ragged—weak and old,  
Why art thou so ill-supplied?  
Wanderer, pity makes me bold!

I have known affliction's smart—  
I have known misfortune's blast;  
Many a pang has rent my heart,  
Gloom has oft my skies o'ercast.

Therefore, wanderer, I can feel—  
 I can sympathize with thee ;  
 Fain would I thy sorrows heal,  
 Did such power belong to me.

But, alas ! that power's denied—  
 And my heart with grief o'erflows,  
 While I see the pomp of pride—  
 While I mark a brother's woes.

Does the hand, whose bounteous care,  
 Stores the earth with every good—  
 Does his hand refuse thy share ?  
 All his children claim his food.

He who clothes the grass so gay—  
 He who for the sparrow cares ;  
 He will all thy griefs repay—  
 Give thee joys surpassing their's.

They who now in pomp and ease,  
 Little know what others feel ;  
 Only care themselves to please—  
 Heedless of thy scanty meal.

Wanderer, by the path-way side,  
 Dry the tears that fast distill,  
 Tho' of worldly good denied,  
 Joy shall yet thy bosom fill.

Though, indeed, thy lot be hard,  
 Thou shalt soon in comfort rest ;

Thou shalt find a sweet reward,  
On thy father Abram's breast.

Tho' perhaps a crumb's denied—  
Thou art scorn'd as base and vile ;  
By the world reproach'd, belied—  
Heaven, ere long, shall on thee smile.



"I am weary of my complaint."

My weary spirit longs to find,  
A peaceful home—from trouble free ;  
Long batter'd by the waves and wind,  
I long that peaceful port to see :  
Where I may lay my cares aside,  
And tempt no more the raging tide.

My feeble bark can ill sustain,  
The constant storms that o'er it blow ;  
It reels beneath the stroke of pain,  
Which threatens oft to bring it low :  
But still an arm unseen, upholds,  
While ~~hope~~ the land of rest unfolds.

At distance, I behold the shore—  
Oh ! blessed pilot, hasten here ;  
To where the tempests cease to roar,  
My poor enfeebled vessel steer.  
For, oh ! I long to anchor where,  
I may discharge this load of care.



*Thoughts on the death of a friend.*

Ah! what are human hopes! ah! what avails  
 The tender ties that twine around the heart,  
 And bind it to the world? The prospect bright,  
 Of joys terrestrial, love's endearing tie,  
 Or sacred friendship, all avail us naught,  
 When death's relentless hand, the summons bears,  
 That bids the soul prepare to take its flight.

Oh! 'tis an awful moment! Yes, my soul,  
 Thou hast felt it nigh in prospect; on that bed,  
 How poor, how trifling every thing below!  
 How vast, and how important all beyond  
 This transitory scene! Arrang'd to view,  
 How formidable every fault appear'd,  
 Made clear as motes, that on a Summer's eve,  
 Within the sun's declining beams are seen.

And, oh! with gratitude, may I adore  
 That gracious being, whose diffusive light  
 Points out our every fault. He will not spare,  
 But wounds that he may heal;—his every stroke  
 Is sure the stroke of mercy. Could we see  
 Beyond the present, such it would appear.  
 But, ah! we cannot see, till love divine  
 Dispels the mist of darkness from our eyes,  
 And purges from our hearts each selfish wish,  
 To make us acquiesce in his high will;—  
 'Tis all we want to make us happy here—  
 To make the yoke of Jesus easy prove,

Which now is grievous, only from the want  
Of due submission to a Father's will.

Oh! could we bare it as a Saviour bore,  
And tread the humble footsteps of our Lord,  
Then would these thorns—this wilderness of woe,  
Lose their alarming aspect, and assume  
The face of smiling Eden! Then the frowns  
Of an unfeeling world—afflictions keen,  
And all the numerous train of ills that wait  
On poor humanity, would lose, at least,  
One-half their cruel load. To feel repose  
On one, who cannot fail;—to call him friend,  
And feel we love him more than aught beside,  
Is more than treasure of a thousand worlds.

Oh! for that moment, when the burden'd soul,  
Made pure from all corruption, shall ascend  
Triumphant from a world of sin and woe,  
To the blest regions of eternal peace!  
And join the friends it lov'd whil'st here below.



### A RIDE TO PARNASSUS.

As day was drawing near a close,  
Lull'd by soft gales that gently rose,  
Sweet slumber came;  
When, lo! Pegasus, by my side,  
Knelt gently down, to let me ride—  
So mild and tame.

Well, well, thinks I, since thou'rt so kind,  
 We'll leave this gloomy world behind—  
     And mounted soon ;  
 So off we went, like wind and tide,  
 And soon Apollo's castle spied,  
     Bright as the moon.

But, when alighting at the door,  
 I heard within so sad a roar,  
     As did me scare !  
 But gently stepping in unseen,  
 I softly stole behind a screen,  
     The news to hear ;—

Silence ! I heard Apollo call—  
 And, quickly through the royal hall  
     Deep silence reign'd !  
 Then, from his seat the sire arose—  
 Contracted were his gloomy brows—  
     His looks were pain'd ;—

“ Tell me, fair daughters, tell me why  
 “ Ye sent our Poney from on high,  
     “ With soaring wing !  
 “ From the low cot of Strawberry Dale,  
 “ Our gales poetic to inhale—  
     “ A maid to bring ? ”

“ Dear Sire, our Sovereign, and our Lord,”  
 The nymphs replied, with one accord,  
     “ Thy power we own ;

“ But, if the lass of Strawberry Dale,  
 “ In pleasing others tastes should fail,  
 “ She’ll please her own.”



“ Why art thou cast down, oh ! my soul; and why art thou  
 disquieted within me ? ” “ Hope in God. ” — Ps.

Shall I distrust thee ? no, my God !  
 Altho’ forlorn and sad I be ;  
 Oh ! teach me then to kiss the rod,  
 That chastens but to lead to thee.

Of all that I hold dear bereft,  
 In thee I still a friend may find ;  
 Dear solace in deep sorrow, left  
 To sooth the care-enfeebled mind.

To thee my wounded heart aspires !  
 Oh ! never let it stray from thee—  
 Thou only source of my desires !  
 Oh ! lend an arm of help to me.

This feeble frame, by sickness bow’d,  
 Uphold it with thy arm of power ;  
 Subdue this heart, by nature proud,  
 Oh ! make it humbler every hour.



### FRIENDSHIP.

Oh ! Friendship ! sweet exalted theme,  
 So often by the poets chaunted ;

Or art thou but an empty dream,  
That none to sooth the heart has granted ?

No, thou art real—but, alas !  
How many boast, who do not know thee ;  
Thy joys, all earthly joys surpass,  
And much, ah ! very much, I owe thee.

Mine was the friend who would advise,  
And when she saw me wrong reprove me ;  
Such are the only friends I prize,  
For such, and only such can love me.



*On the death of D\*\*\*\* W\*\*\*, and his four children,  
who all died within one year.*

Where the yellow foliage waves,  
O'er the solitary ground,  
There I mark'd four little graves,  
Where innocence a home had found.

While he who mourn'd their early fate,  
Lies peaceful close beside them now ;  
Nor feels the rain in torrents beat,—  
Nor hears the angry tempest blow.

Poor sufferer ! long by anguish torn,  
That shatter'd frame now lies at rest ;  
Those weary eyes have ceas'd to mourn,  
And calm's that palpitating breast.

Low in thy solitary bed,  
 Beside thy infant band recline ;  
 There shall the spring its fragrance shed,  
 And the first beams of morning shine.

The faded leaves around you strown,  
 Are emblems of your quick decay ;  
 Your happy spirits join'd, are flown,  
 I trust, to everlasting day.



### SONG.

Whilst hills, groves, and plains, with music resound,  
 And love and contentment are smiling around ;  
 The breezes come laden with sweets from the west,  
 And the sun with a smile is just sinking to rest.

The sweet damask rose, sheds a fragrant perfume,  
 And the delicate eglantine's all in full bloom ;  
 While afar to the southward, the tempest has roll'd,  
 Where it rests like huge mountains, beskirted with gold.

The birds with soft music, the woodlands do fill,  
 And the sun slowly fades from the plains of Wheat-hill ;  
 And when the pale moon, with the train of the night,  
 Reflects over hill, dale, and mountain, her light ;

How delightful to wander beneath her pale beam,  
 Along the fring'd bank of a soft winding stream,  
 Where the little live lamps, that illumine the even,  
 Are as thick as the stars that bespangle the heaven.

## THE LILY OF THE VALE.

When nature all in bloom array'd,  
 A rich variety display'd,  
     Our senses to regale ;  
 One little flower did all excel,  
 Soon as I spied, I lov'd it well ;  
     The Lily of the vale.

'Twas clad in loveliest, whitest hue,  
 Its scent was far the sweetest too—  
     Borne on the gentle gale ;  
 'Twas hid beneath the neighbouring flowers,  
 And tho' conceal'd, display'd its powers—  
     Sweet Lily of the vale.

The rose may boast her glowing red,  
 The towering sun-flower rear its head—  
     Their charms can ne'er prevail ;  
 Since soft retiring from the view,  
 I saw thee first in loveliest hue—  
     My Lily of the vale.



## FOR THE NEW YEAR 1824.

Infant year, upon thy pinion,  
 Hast thou brought some good for me ?  
 Canst thou free from care's dominion ?  
 Grant me help again to see.

I had thought the treasure granted—  
 I had felt the cheerful glow ;  
 Health was all the wealth I wanted,  
 All that I desired below.

Years that's past have brought me sorrow—  
 Brought me oft a clouded sky ;  
 Still the cheering hope, to-morrow,  
 Look'd for brighter prospects nigh.

Still, to-morrow, when appearing,  
 Fail'd the promis'd good to bring ;  
 Yet, unfailing horn still cheering,  
 Heal'd sad disappointment's sting.

Power or splendour ne'er desiring,  
 Wealth or fame I ne'er pursued ;  
 But, to cheerful health aspiring,  
 This I count a greater good.

Earthless comforts I have prov'd them,  
 Found them fleeting as the wind ;  
 Earthly friendships, I have lov'd them,  
 Prov'd them of a changeful kind.

Solace of my earliest trouble—  
 Solace of my every woe ;  
 We have prov'd how vain a bubble,  
 Every prospect is below.



## WRITTEN IN ADVERSITY.

Day after day in sad succession move,  
 Hour after hour on heavy pinions fly ;  
 Day after day, a round of cares I prove,  
 Hour follows hour, nor brings deliverance nigh.

My weary spirit, press'd beneath a load,  
 Which ever and anon I'm doom'd to bear ;  
 My borne-down spirit cannot rise to God,  
 Or vainly strives to seek a refuge there.

Its only rock, amidst the o'erwhelming tide,  
 Its only refuge in a boisterous sea,  
 Is lost to view ! while the rude billows hide,  
 My only source of hope—my Rock from me.

No gentle voice to calm the uproar wild—  
 No welcome pilot from the strand appears ;  
 The sun, that in my morning sweetly smil'd,  
 O'ercast with darksome clouds, excite my fears.

Whilst my associates only mock my woes,  
 Or smile at waves, that threaten to destroy ;  
 Secure within their harbours they repose,  
 Nor seek to rescue whom the waves annoy.

Ye dear companions o'er this troubled deep,  
 Whose shatter'd barks by many a tempest riven,  
 Let hope suspend your sorrows, cease to weep—  
 The wave is nigh to waft you home to heaven.

But me, ah! me, deserted by your sail,  
 All lonely toss'd upon the troubled wave;  
 O'er me the swelling billows must prevail,  
 Unless a hand omnipotent will save.

But there is one who can the waves control—  
 Who bid them roar, can bid their tumult cease;  
 Yes! he can whisper comfort to my soul,  
 And bid this day of storms decline in peace.



*In Memory of my beloved Father, who departed this  
 life 1825.*

Dear guardian of my infant days,  
 Now lost for ever to my sight;  
 I hail the sun's retiring rays—  
 I greet with joy the silent night.

Pensive I trace the lonely way,  
 That bore thee from our humble cot;  
 To thy small tenement of clay,  
 Unseen, tho' ne'er to be forgot.

Ah! no,—within a daughter's heart,  
 Thy worth, thy cares, thy sufferings stand  
 Too deeply traced, for time to part—  
 Too strongly mark'd by sorrow's hand.

And tho' remembrance still survives,  
 To bear me back to scenes of woe;

I trust thy gentle spirit lives,  
 In realms, where boundless pleasures flow.

Then shall I mourn, tho' I behold  
 Thy vacant seat—the seat of pain;  
 Where high the waves of Jordan roll'd,  
 Ere thou the promis'd land could gain?

Dear parent—no! each painful scene,  
 Tho' busy memory must impart;  
 Yet, rays of joy still intervene,  
 To cheer thy daughter's drooping heart.

Thou art at rest, is joy to me,  
 Who witness'd long thy pangs severe;—  
 Thou art at rest—art happy—free,  
 And plac'd beyond the reach of fear.

No more shall sorrows heave thy breast,  
 Peaceful its gentle inmate lies;  
 No more shall pain disturb thy rest,  
 Or wake to care thy slumbering eyes.

And tho' amidst this dark sojourn,  
 Faint are the gleams of joy I see;  
 Yet, cease my spirit, cease to mourn—  
 Father, I trust, 'twill lead to thee.

God of my Father, oh! be near,  
 To cheer this little lonely group;  
 Oh! dissipate each anxious fear,  
 And shed around the beams of hope.

Dear solace of my infant days,  
 'Thou, too, art hastening to depart;  
 May love divine infuse new rays  
 Of hope, to cheer thy widowed heart.

Soon shalt thou pass life's dreary waste,  
 And the dark stream, whose billows roar;  
 Through which thy partner safely pass'd,  
 And landed on Emmanuel's shore.

Oh! may you meet in safety there,  
 Where storms and tempests ne'er assail!  
 And, oh! may heaven my soul prepare,  
 And grant, ere long, a prosperous gale.

A dreary void this world appears—  
 I long to reach that peaceful shore,  
 That lies beyond this vale of tears,  
 Where adverse billows cease to roar.



*On the death of my dear Mother, who departed this  
 life 1826.*

Ah! dearly lov'd, and ne'er to be forgot,  
 My earliest, latest, constant friend, adieu!  
 Depriv'd of thee, how desolate my lot!  
 With not one cheering, earthly hope in view.

Yet, I will not repine, my mother dear,  
 Tho' thy lov'd image to my sight is lost;

For worlds, again I could not wish thee here,  
Again to be on life's rough billows toss'd,

Tho' my poor heart afresh with sorrow bleeds,  
As memory calls to mind the days that's o'er—  
Ah! back to childhood oft my steps she leads,  
And tells of joys that I can taste no more.  
And, tho' on earth with thee I'm doom'd to part,  
Still with a mother's love thou cling'st about my heart.



*Sacred to the Memory of my Mother.*

Dear spirit, set free from its shatter'd abode,  
Oh! ne'er can I lose the remembrance of thee;  
Yet, I joy in the hope of thy union with God,  
And shall never forget all thy kindness to me.

Yes, mother, dear mother, while memory shall last,  
Shall the feelings of grateful affection remain;  
But, whene'er I recall the sad scenes lately pass'd,  
Ah! my bosom still bleeds with fresh sorrow again.

Oh! how oft have I griev'd that dear bosom to see,  
Where my infantine head did so softly repose:  
That dear breast that was oft a kind pillow to me;  
Yet, in vain were my efforts to lighten its woes.

For the waters were deep, and the billows roll'd high,  
O'er thy poor feeble frame, long by sorrow oppress'd;  
But, tho' sometimes unseen, a supporter was nigh,  
Who conducted thee safe to the mansions of rest.

Oh! my mother, dear mother, how sweet sounds that  
name!

Tho' I ne'er can behold thee I must name it o'er;  
And I hope that I yet shall behold thee again,  
With my father, where death can divide us no more.

Oh! how sweet is the thought to a bosom oppress'd?  
Who in vain looks around for a refuge below:  
Oh! how sweet is the hope of a mansion of rest,  
That's secure from the storms of affliction and woe.

O! Father Supreme, who in mercy corrects  
Thy children, to fit them for regions divine;  
Who the prayer of sincerity never rejects—  
Oh! listen, I pray thee, All-gracious! to mine.

Thy ways, to my view, have mysterious appear'd,  
As involv'd in dark clouds thou wast hid from my  
sight;  
Yet, behind the dark cloud, hope arising, hath cheer'd,  
And assured me thy ways, tho' mysterious, are right.

Then cease, my tried spirit, oh! cease to repine,  
Tho' bereft of the solace most dear to my heart;  
Ye dear souls departed, our spirits still join,  
In a union, that time and that death cannot part.

Oh! how soothing the hope to my grief-stricken breast,  
That your dearly lov'd spirits, unfetter'd and free,  
Are united anew in the mansions of rest,  
And awaiting, with hope, your poor children to see.

Oft pensive and sad, as all lonely I sit,  
 In the room, rendered sacred by sorrow and you ;  
 Ah ! the scenes I here witness'd, I ne'er can forget,  
 Which death, only death, can erase from my view.

But, alas ! my sad heart, why thus prone to review,  
 The tempests of Winter that's over and past !  
 Let a Spring, that's eternal, now open to view,  
 Whose flowers and whose sun-shine for ever shall  
 last.

'Tis that hope, and that only, can bear up a soul,  
 That's lodg'd in a fabric so feeble as mine ;  
 Where the waves of affliction incessantly roll,  
 To extinguish a spark that but feebly doth shine.

But, tho' feeble its rays, yet a source from above,  
 Has the power, if He please, to enlighten anew—  
 That source first enkindled the spark by his love,  
 And He still can sustain it, and brighten it, too.



#### TO A FRIEND.

Oh ! cease my friend, nor longer weep  
 Thy little William's fate ;  
 Snatch'd from the numerous ills away,  
 That riper years await.

Ere yet within his little breast,  
 The seeds of sorrow grew,

Or, ere the tempter's witching wiles  
The harmless cherub knew.

How happy is the infant's state,  
So soon from care set free ;  
And yet, the tender ties that bind  
My friend, are felt by thee.

Yet, to that Gracious hand submit,  
Who lent the beauteous prize ;  
And who, no doubt, in mercy now  
Has call'd him to the skies.



### THE EGLANTINE.

When blown by zephyr's gentle gale,  
Young Spring came dancing down the vale,  
In all her hues so fine :  
I view'd each flower with fond delight,  
But none did more attract my sight,  
Than a sweet Eglantine.

It was, indeed, a lovely tree,  
Full blooming in maturity ;  
It did my window join ;  
Beside it grew an infant shoot,  
Just springing from its parent's root,  
Sweet little Eglantine.

I pluck'd it from its parent tree,  
Transplanted it as now you see,  
To grace yon box of mine ;



Where soon my labour it repaid,  
 And was in opening leaves array'd,  
     A beauteous Eglantine.

At length, I too neglectful grew—  
 The night came on—the cold winds blew,  
     And nipping frosts combine ;  
 Next morn, I found its leaves all strew'd,  
 Shook by the chilling tempest rude,  
     A naked Eglantine.

Devoid of hope, I let it lay,  
 To every chilling blast a prey ;  
     Ah ! sad neglect of mine—  
 Soon as within the house remov'd,  
 To my surprise it quickly prov'd,  
     A living Eglantine.

By kind attention, quick it grew,  
 And soon its wonted fragrance threw—  
     Full soon new leaves did shine ;  
 I kindly water'd it each morn—  
 Young flowers its wither'd twigs adorn,  
     An alter'd Eglantine.

Thus, many a bosom dead to joy,  
 Whom sorrows secretly annoy,  
     Or adverse storms combine ;  
 For want of friendship's gentle aid,  
 Is doom'd to wither in the shade,  
     As was my Eglantine.

*To J. H. on the death of her little son, who was  
drowned in the river Schuylkill.*

No human bliss is free from foul alloy,  
Where does not lurk the inevitable foe ;  
Death steals, unseen, to blast our brightest joy,  
Where hope's fair blossom grew, to plant the thorn  
of woe.

Ah ! all our hopes uncertain are below ;  
The cup of sorrow every one partakes ;  
Can any here the bitter draught forego—  
The hand who deals in mercy ne'er forsakes ;  
But oft by sorrow's scourge, the soul to virtue wakes.

Those little tender ties that bind us here,  
Too closely, oft, around the heart entwine,  
While pleasing hope looks forward many a year,  
With anxious, fond desire, to see them shine,  
And draw the doating heart from things divine.

But, who can fathom the divine decree ?  
Mysterious are the ways of power divine ;  
Tho' oft severe to bear, yet just they be—  
A Father but afflicts, from greater ills to free.

Then, cease my friends, nor build below the skies—  
Our hopes, like shining bubbles, quickly break ;  
Oh ! may our future wishes heavenward rise,  
Nor mourn too much what heaven is pleas'd to take.

Although the loss must cause thy heart to ache,  
 Let pleasing hope extend beyond the tomb ;  
 There thou may'st meet thy boy, nor ne'er forsake,  
 In those pure climes, where sorrow finds no room :  
 'Tis there thy Andrew lives, forevermore to bloom.



### THE ORPHAN'S CONSOLATION.

Oh ! thou dear Spirit, whom tho' lost to sight,  
 Is my companion through the tedious day ;  
 Is my companion through the lonely night—  
 The constant dear associate of my way.

And tho' I trust, the griefs I still endure,  
 To thy free'd spirit does no grief impart ;  
 Perhaps thou seest ere long a blissful cure !  
 Prepar'd to heal thy daughter's wounded heart.

But, oh ! I miss thee in this thorny way—  
 Too much perhaps my comforts flow'd from thee ;  
 Oh ! then belov'd, if led from God astray,  
 By too much leaning for relief on thee ;  
 May I in future on *His* arm depend,  
 And find in *Him* a father, mother, friend.



### THE WIDOWED DOVE.

'Twas in a solitary wood,  
 Where Schuylkill gently rolls along,



I heard a sweet, yet mournful song,  
 As on the rock I stood :—  
 The plaintive notes dissolv'd my soul,  
 And almost made the tears to roll,  
 Which the fair scene could scarce control,  
 Nor did I wish it should.

At length the notes were faint and low,  
 Expressive of the deepest grief ;  
 How gladly would I yield relief,  
 Could I thy sorrows know.  
 Perch'd lonely on a naked thorn—  
 'Twas a poor Dove had lost her mate—  
 Did sadly thus bemoan her fate,  
 With plumage rough and torn :  
 Oh ! what relentless, savage heart,  
 Has robb'd thee of thy dearer part—  
 Hark ! piteously she coos—ah ! how forlorn.

Oh ! lonely solitary wood,  
 How shall I long continue here ?  
 “ Amid thy dark recesses drear,”  
 Or trace thy silvery flood ;  
 Since night approaches in deep shade,  
 Soon to wrap thy solitude ;  
 And thy dark rock and caverns rude,  
 The gloom will soon pervade :  
 And all thy little warblers gay,  
 Each to her mud-built nest,  
 Shall soon retire to rest ;

All, save that mourner on the trembling spray—  
 Through the sad night,  
 In doleful plight,  
 Shall mourn, nor feel a joy at the return of day.



### TO ALL WHOM THE CAP MAY FIT.

In early days, when life was young,  
 I often heard it said and sung,  
 That when an adverse gale was blowing,  
 Or the tide of sorrow flowing,  
 They had the power to sweep away,  
 The friends we had in sunny day :  
 That when of worldly gear bereft,  
 We by our friends are also left.

I scarcely then the tale believ'd ;  
 But, ah ! have since been undeceiv'd :  
 Tho' here and there a feeling heart,  
 By kindness sooth affliction's smart ;  
 And when the storms are loudest beating,  
 Such friends stand near, and drop a tear,  
 While all the rest are far retreating.

But should a breeze propitious blow,  
 And the dark clouds away be driven ;  
 Should bounteous Providence bestow,  
 A prosperous gale—a sunny heaven,  
 And his kind hand extended be,  
 Who clothes the fragrant flowers we see,

To give us wealth for poverty ;  
 Quickly our friends return to greet—  
 Their tender feelings soon revive,  
 And what seem'd dead, is now alive,  
 As insects liven'd by the sunny heat.

Such is the place of our abode,  
 And such the family below,  
 Where wealth is liberally bestow'd,  
 Our friends approving smiles bestow ;—  
 But, when the storms of sorrow blow,  
 Then few approving friends we know.



*Lines in reply to a friend, who asked if the author  
 had hung her Harp on the willow.*

The sweet return of Spring,  
 Can still afford delight ;  
 Nor have I on the willow-tree  
 My Harp suspended quite :  
 But, now and then a tune I play ;  
 Yet, chiefly mournful is the lay.

My heart, tho' raptures sometimes swell,  
 In unison with nature's glee,  
 Yet, sorrows there do mostly dwell,  
 The guests that cannot banish'd be :  
 Nor should I wish them to depart,  
 Till I have known a change of heart.

Then all these lovely scenes so fair,  
 Would with a ten-fold beauty shine;  
 Creation, Eden's smiles would wear,  
 And the glad heart in union join:  
 Such heavenly transports here below,  
 I still believe the good may know.

Of that blest number let me be—  
 Then will I join the choir around;  
 I'd sing thy goodness, Lord, to me,  
 And thou would'st then approve the sound:  
 Till then my Harp, as well might be,  
 Suspended on the willow-tree.



### ALAS! VAIN WORLD.

Alas! vain world, what have I found below,  
 To tempt my tarriance in thy dark retreat?  
 Thou'st been to me a wilderness of woe,  
 Where briars and thorns, and howling tempests beat,

Yon little star that penetrates the gloom,  
 Or hides at intervals behind the cloud;  
 Still points me to a land beyond the tomb,  
 And dissipates the fears which round me crowd.

Thou little cheerer, still emit a ray!  
 Tho' faint and weak—of thy enlivening beam;  
 And guide my weary footsteps in the way,  
 That leads to rest o'er Jordan's swelling stream.

Oh ! be with those already on the strand !  
 Who long have toil'd beneath a load of care ;  
 Conduct them safely to Emmanuel's land,  
 And grant that I, ere long, may join them there.



### A SONNET.

Now in meridian height the sun appears—  
 The scattering clouds disperse and flee away ;  
 The trees and every leaf are wet with tears ;  
 Yet, in my view, the tears of joy are they.

For the long drought had parch'd the tender leaves,  
 And the young flowrets on their stems declin'd ;  
 Now rising from their grassy couch upheaves,  
 Their heads refresh'd, and wanton in the wind.

The pink, the rose, and all the flow'ry train,  
 Send forth sweet odours by the passing gale ;  
 The birds refresh'd, renew their sweetest strain,  
 And bees industrious, hasten to the vale :  
 While laughing Flora, tripping o'er the mead,  
 Drops flowers of every hue, and plants of every seed.



### ANOTHER.

Ah ! scenes belov'd, no longer dear,  
 Since all your peaceful joys are flown ;  
 Ah ! why must memory linger here,  
 To sigh o'er happier moments gone ?



Dear native scenes ! your charms remain ;  
 The purling stream—the willowy shade—  
 The verdant bank—the enamell'd plain,  
 Where oft my infant feet have stray'd.

The sweetly scented damask rose—  
 The honey-suckle, sweeter flower,  
 On which the dewy drops repose,  
 And breathe fresh sweets at evening hour.

Dear native scenes ! your charms remain,  
 Not to afford me joy ; but, sad remembrance—pain:



### DETRACTION.

Of all the numerous evils that infest,  
 Or take possession of the human breast ;  
 Detraction bears with me the least excuse,  
 And is of little pleasure, or of use :  
 And, yet it is a vice we daily meet—  
 In almost every heart it has a seat.

Should we, perchance, in the gay circle join,  
 Where mirth is loud, or wit is wont to shine ;  
 Here base detraction shows her hateful face,  
 In hopes of giving wit a better grace.

Here absent friends, she on the carpet brings ;  
 Relates, perhaps, a thousand paltry things—  
 Tells each defect—and here keen ridicule,  
 Reigns, oft, sole mistress of detraction's school.

E'en serious friends, around the social fire,  
 With sober faces eagerly inquire !  
 Is such an one reclaim'd ?—then frankly tell  
 Their friends, some sad mischance that him befell.  
 With seeming pity, they deplore his fate,  
 Then sighing, wish him well, if not too late.

E'en round the board, where social sisters join,  
 To point their wits with tea, instead of wine ;  
 There too, the hateful guest her way hath found,  
 And scandal's odious cup goes briskly round.

Should we with utmost caution, step along,  
 With nicest care among the gazing throng ?  
 With curious eye the critic marks our way,  
 And to our charge will soon some blemish lay.

A world of critics—scarcely one we find,  
 Who does not bear a portion in his mind ;  
 And those who seem to scorn the name to bear,  
 Will, on examination, prove their share.

Oh ! teach me, heaven, this evil to expel—  
 Let it no longer in my bosom dwell :  
 To hold my peace, where I can not commend,  
 Nor seek to blast the honour of my friend :  
 To deal with honest freedom where I can,  
 And as myself, to love my brother man.

To feel that sympathy my bosom warm,  
 That will the shafts of malice all disarm ;  
 Bid envy cease, and with her rancorous dart,  
 No longer raise disturbance in my heart.

But, friendship pure, disinterested, kind,  
 Warm every heart, and glow in every mind ;  
 That men the brethren of one common Sire,  
 May dwell in love—unite in one desire.



Pray do not over much commend,  
 Before his face, your choicest friend ;  
 But, scorn to tell unto another,  
 The frailties of an absent brother :  
 If he has faults, pray let him know it ;  
 If merit, then to others show it.



*Lines addressed to an aged and beloved relative.*

While some the paths of servile praise pursue ;  
 While some to sing the hero's fame engage ;  
 A more exalted theme attracts my view—  
 The shining sun-beams of declining age.

Just on the borders of the promis'd land,  
 Waiting resign'd to cross o'er Jordan's flood ;  
 With placid smile, I see thee meekly stand,  
 To meet the wave that comes to waft to God.

Whilst journeying o'er this thorny vale of tears,  
 Around thy head full many a tempest blew ;  
 Yet, He whose love dispels the mourner's fears,  
 'Midst all thy trials, brought thee safely through.

For more than ninety years have roll'd away,  
 Since thou'st sojourned in these dreary wilds,  
 The promis'd plains of bliss before thee lay—  
 The dawn of endless day already smiles.

—●—

### FOR A WATCH PAPER.

Mark! how the little hands steal time away,  
 Scarcely perceptible; yet pause! for know,  
 On the improvement of those hours depend,  
 Our everlasting happiness—or woe.

—●—

### DEATH.

They style thee king of terrors! but to whom?  
 Not to the righteous?—thou to those can'st bring  
 A joyful passport to the land of rest.  
 'Tis true, thy grasp is cold, thy look severe;  
 Yet, when the cherub *horn* resides within,  
 Thy grizly aspect wears an angel's smile!  
 'Tis thine to break the shatter'd cottage down,  
 And let its tenant range without control.  
 Delightful liberty! the burden'd soul,  
 That long had groan'd beneath a load of ills,  
 Is set at large, exulting in its flight.  
 Through space unbounded! Infinite love,  
 Prepare me for the change that soon may come;  
 And with fair Mercy send the cherub *horn*,  
 To light me safely through the gloomy vale,  
 That lies between this shatter'd frame and thee.

"I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed :  
how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a de-  
generate vine unto me ?" JER. ii. 21.

From Egypt's barren soil,  
Thou brought'st a lovely vine ;  
Thou didst the heathen spoil,  
To plant this love of thine.

Its branches widely spread,  
And fast its roots were found ;  
And odours sweet it shed,  
O'er all the country round.

Ah ! wherefore now forsake,  
This choice, this favour'd vine ?  
Its hedges, wherefore take—  
Why hide that love of thine ?

The beasts that roam the wild,  
Do pluck its fruit away ;  
Oh ! Thou, who on it smil'd,  
Return, and save, we pray.



#### MARIA'S GRAVE.

Maria, fond maid, in the cold grave now sleeping—  
Soft, soft blow the gales, while the moon-beams at  
night,  
Gleam light o'er thy tomb, where the wild flowers creep-  
ing,  
On a once beating heart—ye fair flowrets lie light.

For Maria was gay, when she hail'd the fair morning  
 Of childhood—and fearless of sorrows to come ;  
 The bright glow of health her young cheeks were adorn-  
 ing,  
 A stranger to care, she would cheerfully roam.

But many a rose has been nipp'd in the blossom,  
 Or wither'd, alas ! ere its leaves could expand ;  
 Poor Maria ! care's canker-worm enter'd her bosom,  
 And on her pale death laid his cold-wither'd hand.

In the grave, ah ! she feels not the faithless affection  
 Of him, who once promis'd attachment sincere ;  
 No longer distracted by mournful reflection,  
 On him who once lov'd her, and who was still dear.

Ah ! why fickle man, as the ocean unstable !  
 Think, think on the victim who languish'd for thee ;  
 Reflect for a moment, to know thou wast able,  
 From death, and from sorrow that victim to free.

Go visit her grave, whilst the lingering moonlight,  
 Gleams soft o'er a breast thou hast render'd forlorn !  
 And reflect that an hand may thy pleasures soon blight,  
 And obscure in deep sorrow the sun of thy morn.



# SONNET.

To the traveller, faint and weary,  
 Wandering o'er the desert rude ;

976585A

Is the long, long prospect dreary,  
In that cheerless solitude.

So my panting heart presages,  
Many a thorny tract to come ;  
Hope ! alone, my fears assuages,  
Pointing to a distant home.

Disappointment, care and trouble,  
Checker this fair scene below ;  
Pleasure is an empty bubble,  
Floating on a sea of woe :  
Soon the swelling surges rise—  
Soon the glittering bubble dies.



### THE DOVE.

'Twas on a cold autumnal morn,  
By the keen blast the trees were shorn,  
While through the boughs the wind did mourn  
Most piteously.

I miss'd my pretty pensive Dove,  
Who used to coo her notes of love,  
Perch'd on the willowy branch above—  
So plaintively.

Ah ! me, I miss'd, but soon I found,  
My Dove laid stretch'd upon the ground,  
And in her breast a mortal wound—  
That pierc'd her heart.

Ye cruel sportsmen, come behold!  
 My pretty Dove, all stiff and cold;  
 If e'er the tear of pity roll'd—  
     Come bear a part.

To sooth a heart, to aching prone,  
 Oft has her sympathetic moan,  
 Cheer'd my sad spirit, as alone  
     I used to rove.

Ye little birds that cheer the vale,  
 Come join me in the mournful tale—  
 Sadness already doth prevail,  
     Through all the grove.

Beneath my fav'rite willow-tree,  
 A tomb have I prepar'd for thee;  
 There rest, sweet bird, from sorrow free—  
     Lie still and rest.

Here shall the willow branches wave,  
 And bending kiss thy little grave—  
 Thy bones from insult still to save,  
     And strew thy breast.



#### EVENING.

The moon rose bright, the sky was clear,  
 And sweetly blew the western gale;  
 When soft melodious notes I hear,  
     Come floating down the dewy vale.



The Spring had cloth'd the distant mount,  
 In all her young and lovely green ;  
 While in the pure transparent fount,  
 The skies, and trees, and mount were seen.

And hear the boat-horn sweetly sound,  
 As down the gentle stream they glide ;  
 The scenes, how beauteous—how profound !  
 'Tis love, 'tis joy, on every side.

Oh ! lovely Schuylkill, gentle stream—  
 Upon thy bosom smooth and clear,  
 Do the old Earth's dark entrails teem,  
 Our cold and wintry nights to cheer.



### THE WANDERING PILGRIM.

Pilgrim, o'er life's thorny valley,  
 Tell me, hast thou gone astray ?  
 Turn again, thy spirits rally,  
 All, at times, have miss'd their way.

Seek thy Father, sad sojourner,  
 He will grant a ray of light ;  
 Make the path of pilgrim mourner,  
 In the midst of darkness bright.

Wherefore linger, child of sadness,  
 In the vale of low despair ?  
 Rise, and climb the mount in gladness ;  
 Rise, and meet thy Father there.

See'st thou not his hand extended,  
 Thee, from lowly plight to raise!  
 Since he thus hath condescended—  
 Pilgrim, spend thy life in praise.



### ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT NIECE.

Can I forget thee? no my love,  
 Though mercy's hand did thee remove,  
 And took thee to the realms above—  
 My Mary.

Thy little image to my sight,  
 Is still recall'd with fond delight;  
 But death's relentless hand did blight—  
 My Mary.

Ere two short months had pass'd away,  
 I mark'd thy infant bloom decay,  
 As on my lap thou oft did'st lay—  
 My Mary.

Nor did I think thou then would'st die,  
 Till I beheld thy fading eye,  
 And saw thee heave thy latest sigh—  
 My Mary.

Those beauteous eyes were fix'd on me,  
 As tho' they ask'd relief for thee;  
 But death was nigh to set thee free—  
 My Mary.

Tho' tears did then bedim my eyes,  
 I cannot grieve that thou didst rise,  
 So soon to bloom in Paradise—  
 My Mary.



### THE OLD COW AND THE HAY-STACK.

*Addressed to her who will understand them.*

Says a careful old Dame to her neighbour—good lack !  
 Yonder stands the old cow by the side of the stack !  
 And, no doubt, has been taking a pull ;  
 Run Hodge—call the dogs, and let's drive her away—  
 I suspected before she'd been eating the hay,  
 As she oft look'd so sleek and so fult.

So Hodge, in a trice, had the dogs at her heels,  
 And the smart of the whip on her body she feels,  
 While her mistress examines the stack ;  
 And found in the end, to her infinite pleasure,  
 That the poor harmless cow had ne'er injur'd her  
 treasure,  
 Tho' she long bore the marks on her back.

I would therefore advise every farmer at large,  
 Who should happen to have an old cow in his charge ;  
 And suspects her of eating his hay ;  
 To be cautious at first to examine the stack,  
 Before he applies the keen whip to her back,  
 Or with cruelty drives her away.

*Written on the birth-day of a little Niece—1818.*

Can faithful memory e'er forget,  
 The scene of death, the scene of woe,  
 That follow'd this eventful day,  
 But two short years ago !  
 Yet from the wreck of death has grown,  
 As sweet a flower as e'er was blown.

By sad events, made doubly dear—  
 By scenes which taught the soul to know,  
 That hope is but a bubble here,  
 And earth a wilderness of woe :—  
 That taught the soul wherein to trust,  
 Whilst weeping o'er a sister's dust.

Dear little relict, left behind,  
 By one who lately bloom'd so gay ;  
 Sweet solace of my drooping mind,  
 Remembrancer of sorrow's day :—  
 Oh ! may'st thou only live to shine,  
 Beneath the beams of love divine.

That little heart, to care unknown ;  
 Those eyes that seldom shed a tear ;  
 Oh ! may thy loss of her that's gone,  
 Be still unfelt by thee, my dear :  
 That loss repair'd by one who'll be,  
 A mother, dear, I trust to thee.

*Addressed to Letitia L\*\*\*\*\*—1816.*

Time has roll'd one year away,  
 Since in the lowly silent tomb,  
 Thy little playful Joseph lay,  
 Divested of his bloom.  
 Alas! what changes oft appear,  
 In the swift progress of one year!

One year had made our brother blest,  
 With all his heart could crave;  
 Death did that blessing soon arrest,  
 And laid her in the grave!  
 One year those titles did confer,  
 A husband—father—widower.

Nature, that lately smil'd so gay,  
 Dress'd in her loveliest green,  
 Has cast her cheerful robes away,  
 And Fall embrowns the scene:  
 But Fall shall pass, and Winter too,  
 And lovely Spring peep out anew.

Let us look forward to that hour,  
 That can from changes set us free;  
 Resign'd beneath affliction's power—  
 In all the hand of mercy see:  
 Then we may hope, when life is o'er,  
 To meet the friends we love, once more.

*Thoughts on the death of Ann T\*\*\*\* C\*\*.*

Though gloomy round the prospects rise,  
 And a thick cloud obscures the skies ;  
 Yet, the dark mist shall break away,  
 And Phebus shine with brighter ray.

The heart that feels affliction's rod,  
 Must only look for help to God :  
 His smiles alone, the balm prepare,  
 That only can relieve our care.

Sorrows may rise as billows roll,  
 And almost overwhelm the soul ;  
 Yet ere we sink, He'll re-appear,  
 With hope, the drooping soul to cheer.

In Him, my brother, then confide,  
 And may He prove thy guard and guide !  
 Conduct thee o'er these dreary wilds,  
 To where, I trust, thy Anna smiles.

Whil'st journeying o'er this dark abode,  
 Oh ! teach thy little babe the road ;  
 Should she be spared to sooth thy care,  
 A gift for heaven may'st thou prepare.

These storms of sorrow soon may cease,  
 Hush'd by His voice who whispers peace ;  
 Where resignation fills the breast,  
 The troubled waves are hush'd to rest.

Then nature opes her boundless store,  
 This gloomy world looks gay once more ;  
 With grateful songs the heart expand,  
 And kiss, oh ! Lord ! thy chastening hand.

Oh ! teach us, then, Almighty power,  
 To bear the trials of the hour !  
 To own thy wisdom—bear thy rod,  
 And for thy favour hope, oh ! God !

“ A bruised reed Thou wilt not break,”  
 Tho’ Thou permits the storms to shake ;  
 Oh ! bid the angry tempest cease,  
 And to the o’erwhelming waves, say—peace.



## HOPE.

Hope is a flower, a pretty flower,  
 In every soil ’tis cherished ;  
 Yet oft by storm, or wintry shower,  
 Its cheering hues seem perish’d :  
 Yet, quickly brighter hues are seen,  
 Rising above the faded green.

No tempest can its roots destroy ;  
 For tho’ the soil is cold and dry,  
 Yet little beaming rays of joy,  
 Descend to rear its head on high :  
 And when its moisture here is done,  
 ’Twill bloom beneath a brighter sun.

*To M\*\*\* T\*\*\*, on the death of her husband,  
which was occasioned by the falling of a tree.*

Grieve not, my friend—to Him who gave, resign,  
Thy much lov'd partner shall again be thine!  
Serene he lies—his sufferings now are o'er;  
That throbbing breast shall beat with pain no more.

That aching head now rests in calm repose;  
Those weary eyes, at length soft slumbers close:  
From its cold prison flees the soul away,  
And leaves a placid smile upon its clay.

To that dear Saviour, now, I trust, he goes,  
Who suffered for mankind the keenest woes!  
In every limb he racking tortures bore,  
And rose triumphant when his pangs were o'er:

That thro' his death we might in triumph rise,  
From this low earth, and centre in the skies.  
Soon shall the wheels of time their course have run,  
And we with life and all its cares be done.

Since Death ten thousand arrows has at will,  
We know not when, or where, or which may kill:  
To be prepared, oh! be it all our care,  
Regardless of the event, or how, or where.

Our much lov'd friend still kept this thought in view,  
And strove the paths of virtue to pursue;—  
Nor strove in vain; since God will lend an ear,  
To every prayer that flows from heart sincere.



And, oh! my friend, may'st thou a comfort find,  
 In those thy dear companion left behind.  
 Tho' hard the stroke, and unexpected given,  
 Yet, be resign'd, since 'twas the will of Heaven.

And think how many o'er this world, who roam,  
 Far from their friends, their families and home,  
 Without one pitying friend to drop a tear—  
 Wet the parch'd lips, and by affection cheer :

Whilst thy lov'd partner, kind attention found—  
 His wife, his children, and his friends around ;  
 All seem'd assiduous how they best might please—  
 Assuage his sufferings, or promote his ease.

But all attention ineffectual prov'd,  
 Our valued friend is now from all remov'd.  
 But, tho' he's now to the cold grave consign'd,  
 Yet shall his worth still live in many a mind.

And, oh! my friend, let us pursue the road,  
 That can alone conduct the soul to God.  
 For here all seems uncertainty at best—  
 " A state of trial, not a state of rest."

Let us press forward to that blest abode—  
 Lord! be our helper o'er the thorny road :  
 Conduct us to the house not made with hands,  
 Where in the heavens thy throne eternal stands.

*On reading an account of a Wild Man, found in some part of the Spanish dominions ; supposed to be thirty years of age. Written by the authoress when very young.*

In a wild gloomy wood, o'er the mountains afar,  
Which belong, I am told, to the Spanish domain ;  
While Venus was ruling as bright evening star,  
And shepherds were driving their flocks o'er the plain :

When, lo ! at a distance a form they espied !  
It was tall and majestic—the form of a man ;  
And coming toward them, so loudly it cried—  
Then laughing, fled back to the forest again.

With dogs they pursued him, in merriest glee—  
He laugh'd at their sport, while the dogs he out-ran ;  
At the peep of the dawn, at their cottage he'd be,  
But they never, no never could catch the wild man.

He was cheerful and happy, but knew not to speak ;  
Content in his wild and forsaken abode ;  
The tear of misfortune ne'er wetted his cheek,  
Nor care, cruel care, did his bosom corrode.

Amidst the wild beasts, void of terror, he'd stray,  
Like our parents of old, in the garden so blessed ;  
With the birds he would sit, and he'd sing all the day,  
And at night with the beasts he would lie down to rest.

The leaves were his couch, and the blue vault on high,  
A glittering canopy o'er him was spread ;

While waking all fearless he'd gaze on the sky,  
And view the bright orbs that roll'd over his head.

Perhaps a fond parent had left him to roam,  
By ruffians destroy'd in a forest so wild ;  
Or wandering away from thy dear native home,  
Or borne by some ruffian whom interest beguil'd ;—

Perhaps the fair Red-breast, so famous of old,  
For bestrewing the leaves o'er the “babes in the  
wood,”  
While sleeping had cover'd the wil'd Boy from cold,  
And the roots and wild berries supplied him with  
food.

Thus in this lorn wilderness lonely he lived,  
Full thirty long years—for no mortal he knew ;  
From all-bountiful Nature his food he received,  
And a little suffic'd, for his wants were but few.



*To H\*\*\*\*\* B\*\*\*\*\*, on the death of a little daughter.*

Grieve not, my friend, thy lovely babe  
Is past the sense of pain :  
Submissive to the hand who gave—  
Resign her back again.

Altho' a sweeter flower ne'er grew,  
To charm beholders eyes ;  
Your lovely infant blooms anew,  
More sweet in Paradise.

Tho' death with cold relentless hand,  
 Has laid your Mary low;  
 Where Hope's fair blossom did expand,  
 Has left the thorn of woe.

Mysterious are thy ways, oh! Lord,  
 Thro' which we cannot see;  
 'Tis ours to bow with one accord,  
 And own that just they be.

Thy chastening hand afflicts to save—  
 It wounds to make us whole:  
 It plunges us in sorrow's wave,  
 To purify the soul.

'Twas Mercy call'd your infant home,  
 To realms of endless joy,  
 From many a tempting snare to come,  
 And ills that might annoy.

The little sufferer knew no guile—  
 No sins her soul oppress'd;  
 Tho' struggling nature wrought awhile,  
 No sorrows heav'd her breast.

Her little spotless soul has fled,  
 To everlasting day;  
 Before the tempter's wiles had led,  
 Her guiltless heart astray.

And tho' her little image still,  
 May to thy fancy rise;

Yet, bow submissive to His will,  
Who call'd her to the skies.

Beneath a heavenly Father's care,  
In cherub beauty dress'd;  
And you, ere long, may meet her there,  
And be for ever blest.



### LINES ON A LITTLE FAVOURITE.

Ah! little one, I lov'd thee dear,  
As miser loves his treasure;  
To part with thee was most severe,  
In whom I took such pleasure:  
For thy blue eye was bright and fair,  
And not a cloud e'er rested there.

And thy soft hair in ringlets play'd,  
Light o'er thy cheeks' gay blossom;  
Thy little heart its joy display'd,  
Fast beating in thy bosom:  
Nor sin, nor sorrow, yet was there,  
But all within was light and fair.

But I have prov'd that bliss below,  
Is still in haste to sever;  
The sweetest rose that e'er did blow,  
Without its thorn, is—never!  
And 'tis, no doubt, in wisdom giv'n,  
To wean our love from all but heav'n.

## ACROSTIC.

Adorn with sense those leaves so fair,  
 Let love and friendship have a share:  
 Bright as the radiant realms above,  
 Unite Religion's charms with love—  
 May heaven thy offering then approve.



## THE TWIN BOYS.

Beneath those little hillocks green,  
 Two lovely infants rest;  
 There the soft vernal flowers are seen,  
 Light springing o'er each breast.

Sweet emblems of your souls, so fair,  
 When they forsook each breast;  
 Like beauteous flowers, transplanted where  
 Eternal sun-beams rest.  
 Dear little boys, lie still and sleep,  
 Ye never more shall wake to weep.



## AN INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

Hygæia come with rosy breath,  
 And chase away the hues of death,  
 And light this eye of sorrow;—

O'er these parch'd lips thy dews distill,  
 And with new hopes my bosom fill,  
 Of happier times to-morrow.

Oh ! take the burden off my breast,  
 And calm the restless nerves to rest—  
 These aching brows entwine ;  
 Not with the poets envied wreath,  
 But one on which thou'st deign'd to breathe,  
 A fragrant wreath of thine.

Oh ! come, and with thy smile so gay,  
 Come bid these languid pulses play,  
 And bound more light and free :—  
 Were all the world at my command,  
 Or treasures countless as the sand,  
 I'd give it all for thee.

But, yet to murmur or repine,  
 If still denied those gifts of thine,  
 Becomes me not. I know ;  
 I'll therefore pray to be resign'd,  
 In hopes, ere long, a rest to find,  
 Beyond this world of woe.



### MY NEPHEW.

From the sad wreck of earthly joy,  
 I still retain'd a lovely boy,  
 And call'd him little friend ;

And often when with grief oppress'd,  
His hand my aching forehead press'd,  
As o'er my couch he'd bend.

Pure was his little cheerful heart,  
Untainted yet by guile or art ;  
Of such is heaven compos'd—  
And the dear Saviour, when below,  
On such his blessing did bestow,  
And in his arms enclos'd.

And may his kind protecting arms,  
Preserve my boy from future harms,  
And make him good and wise :—  
And may He grant, when time is o'er,  
That I may meet, to part no more,  
My darling in the skies !



### TO AN OLD ROCKING CHAIR.

I cannot part with thee, tho' thou hast been  
The seat where pain and sickness triumph'd long :  
Thou seem'st the seat of ease, but not to those  
By whose remembrance thou art still endear'd.

In thee no ease they found—thy arms in vain  
Were stretch'd to give relief ;—upon thy back,  
In vain, their aching heads for rest reclin'd—  
Thy gentle motion brought them no repose :  
For the dear sufferers, no relief was found.  
Till they exchange'd thee for a seat in heaven.



*Lines on the death of my uncle J\*\*\*\*\* C\*\*.*

Farewell ! belov'd in meekness—thou hast trod  
 In the pure path that leads the soul to God :—  
 Farewell ! farewell ! thy toils, thy cares are past,  
 And thou hast gain'd a fair reward at last.

Oh ! that this aching head, as thine, could rest !  
 Peaceful as thine, oh ! were this throbbing breast !  
 Guiltless as thine, oh ! that my life may be,—  
 Then may I hope in heaven to meet with thee.

My dearest uncle ! memory still recalls  
 My childish days, when sporting round thy walls,  
 In all the playfulness of youthful glee,  
 I ran to meet, or climb upon thy knee.

For thou wast kind, and pleas'd my lays to view,  
 Oh ! could I honour thee with tribute due !  
 And while thy virtues I delight to see,  
 With the same steady zeal, to follow thee.

'Twas thine, the faults of others to forgive ;  
 Yet, strict thyself, a faultless life to live :  
 Content with little, wealth was not thy care,  
 Heaven was thy aim—thy treasure all lie there :  
 And as a recompense for labours past,  
 Thou'rt gone to enjoy a bright reward at last.

[The following piece was written by another hand.]

*ines addressed to a little daughter, on the death of  
her mother. By B\*\*\*\*\* D. C\*\*.*

Forbear thy tears, my Mary dear—  
    Repress that heaving sigh ;  
Dear mother's safe, thou need'st not fear ;  
    She's safe in heaven on high.

There, in the realms of joy and peace,  
    Her dear lov'd spirit dwells ;  
Delight unbounded, ne'er to cease,  
    Her gentle bosom swells.

There in that place, so rich in bliss,  
    So joyful and so fair ;  
Thy mother rests in blessedness—  
    Engaged in fervent prayer :

That thou, dear child, with all the rest,  
    Her tender ties below,  
May, as herself, be also bless'd—  
    Be saved from lasting woe.

Then, oh ! my Mary, as thou lov'st,  
    Though gone, thy mother dear ;  
Remember still, in all thou dost,  
    Her ardent heavenly prayer.

Nor ever, by a sinful part,  
    Reject the good she prays ;

But, keep a pure, a guileless heart,  
By keeping Wisdom's ways.

Then, when death's kindly stroke shall free  
Thy spirit from its clay ;  
Dear mother, once again thou'lt see,  
And with her always stay.'

FINIS.







